

i know it's
passé, but

McGILL DAILY

merry
christmas

VOL. 53 — No. 51

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1963

3 cents



Lionel Chetwynd, BCL 1 (sitting, left) and Morris Fish, BCL 4 (standing, left) went down to total and ignominious defeat last week against John Turner (standing, right), Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Northern Affairs, and C. M. "Bud" Drury (sitting, right), Minister of Industry, as the intrepid lawyers took the affirmative on the resolution "that Canada should join in political and economic union with the United States."

Bomb fails to materialize

Arts Building threat proves false

by CHARLES SHANNON

About 300 students and professors stood about in the snow outside the Arts Building Friday afternoon as a squad of Montreal policemen searched the building for a bomb which did not exist.

A bomb-demolition squad, led by Detective-Sergeant Leo Plouffe scoured the building from roof to basement for 45 minutes, after being summoned by Principal and Vice-Chancellor H. Locke Robertson.

The bomb threat was received by the University switchboard at 1:28 pm. An unidentified man telephoned to say that a bomb had been planted somewhere in the Arts Building, and was set to explode in about one hour.

Building nearly empty

As Dr. Robertson explained later, "The building was fortunately almost empty at the time. The timing of the call gave us ample opportunity to clear the building."

It was decided that there was no need for a general alarm, and janitors were sent to all the rooms to announce that the Principal had ordered the building evacuated. Within minutes, students were running from class to class, shouting "Get out of here; there's a bomb set to go off."

When the police arrived, with an emergency van and five carloads of officers, they took charge of the search for the bomb while all the staff and faculty left the building.

With the Principal and various student leaders in the forefront, the crowd of students and staff formed a semi-circle around the Arts Building steps, chatting casually as the police went about their business.

One member of faculty suggested

ed to H. Sonny Gordon, — facetiously — "We'll expect an SEC investigation of this," to which Gordon replied, "Oh no."

Dr. Robertson discounted rumours that the threat might have been made by a student somewhat unprepared for a mid-term exam. "We give our students credit for more responsibility than that," he said.

The high point of the afternoon came for many students at 2:23 pm, as a post office truck drove up the campus from Roddick Gates. Whispers of "It's in the mailbox!" ran through the crowd, as a determined mailman pushed his way through the tight semi-circle of onlookers. Before an astonished throng he mounted the Arts Building steps — and emptied the afternoon mail.

Bomb scare lively

Students generally found the bomb scare and the subsequent cancellation of lectures a bright spot in an otherwise rather mundane day.

One girl related how she first received word of the bomb threat: "I was coming out of the tunnel from the Library when I was stopped by a janitor sweeping the floor. 'Don't come in here,' he shouted, 'Go back!' 'Why?' I asked innocently. 'There's a bomb in the building,' he explained, and continued sweeping."

The investigation ended at 2:40 pm, several minutes after the bomb should have exploded. Almost immediately after the dozen or so

policemen vacated the building, the students who had been waiting outside surged up the steps. "Such thirst for knowledge," commented Dr. Robertson. "Such a cold day," added one of his colleagues.

This bomb scare is not the first in McGill's history. Three or four months ago, the University received two false reports in one day. Three Verdun youths recently received stiff sentences for making such threats.

MP's defeat lawyers in Moyse Hall debate

by WENDA McNEVIN

Morris Fish and Lionel Chetwynd were ignominiously defeated by a house vote this time last week before a capacity crowd in Moyse Hall, John Turner and C.M. Drury not only were forced to accept a redefined topic, but they reversed the entire principle of the debate quite beyond recognition.

Fish, a fourth year law student and the first affirmative debater, dismissed emphatically the motion that Canada and Quebec should join in economic federation as utterly preposterous. However, with the substitution of United States for Quebec, he announced that he found the topic more to his liking.

One major problem

To his mind, there was only one major problem connected with such a union — what to do with the current MP's. However he offered

what he felt to be a reasonable solution. First, he would give them all deportable pensions, inversely proportional to attendance.

Then, to keep them out of mischief, he offered various sugges-

tions. In keeping with the national figures, 10% of them would be constantly unemployed; 7% would be sent to university; the dedicated few would form a peace corps to

(Continued on page 24)

SEC receives \$5,000 anonymous donation

by NOEL ROY
News Editor

The Students' Society has received an anonymous donation of \$5,000, President H. Sonny Gordon told an SEC meeting last week.

The SEC also approved a redistribution of Combined Charities funds, passed a grant to the Experimental Film Group, and rejected a CUS-sponsored petition regarding civil rights.

The donation will cut in half this year's projected budget deficit of \$10,000. Even with extremely tight financing, the SEC has been unable to balance the budget because of inadequate revenue.

Gordon expressed his thanks to the donor on behalf of the Students' Society. "This donation," he said, "will go a long way toward covering our deficit." The \$10 hike in Students' Society fees passed last year will not go into effect until next September.

Campus chest

Combined Charities Campaign, whose name has been changed to McGill Campus Chest, will give 40% of its proceeds to student charities and 60% to community charities this year.

A Council Committee granted \$500 to the Experimental Film Group under Michael Taylor and Colin Gravenor. The group began shooting on Saturday night, and will continue until late February.

Civil Rights petition rejected

The SEC rejected a petition being circulated by the Canadian Union of Students requesting the United States Congress to pass the Civil Rights Bill "in tribute to John F. Kennedy."

Council felt that Canadian students have no right to form a lobby group in the U.S., and that Canadians continually complain about the same kind of interference from the U.S.

The opinion was also expressed that the Civil Rights Bill should be passed on its own merits, and not because of the death of the President.

William Fraiberg (BCL 2) was appointed chairman of the Constitutional Revision Committee. The other members are Joel Bell (BCL 2), Jean-Pierre Mongeau (BCL 1), Robert Rabinovitch (B. Comm. 4), and Lew Soroka (BA 4).

Flaherty wins by landslide in by-election

Ted Flaherty won a decisive victory over Barbara Beatty in yesterday's election as representative of the School of Physical and Occupational Therapy, Social Work and the School of Graduate Nurses.

Election standings were as follows: Ted Flaherty, 134 votes; Barbara Beatty, 70 votes with 10 invalid votes making a total of 214. The turnout was reasonable during a quiet election.

Ted Flaherty won an astounding victory during the SEC elections on November 20, but the election was deferred on account of irregular election procedures by the candidate. Another election was proposed pending a review of this situation by the SEC.

An ardent sailor, Ted served a commission in the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve. He was a member of the Debating Club and Vice-President of the International Students' Club at St. Francis Xavier University.

Daily Christmas Party

The Daily invites all its staffers to attend a Christmas party next Friday in the Union Basement. The party will start at 8 pm and will likely never stop. All aspiring participants should donate a 25 cent 'participation tax' through the hands of the Managing Editor, or, in his absence, the Advertising Manager.

Today

Wednesday, December 11
LIBERAL CLUB: Meeting to discuss resolutions for CULF Convention and plans for Model Parliament, Club Room, 1 pm. All members must attend.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY: Lecture by Dr. M. Dunbar, Chairman of Marine Science Dept. on "Marine Distributions-Currents, Water Moss & Fauna." Biology Bldg., Room 21, 7:30 pm. Everyone invited.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Christmas Christianity II, speaker: Father Breen, Arts Building, Room 150, 1 pm.

LYMAN DUFF MEMORIAL LECTURE: Dr. René Dubos, "Man meets his environment", Redpath Hall, 8:30 pm. Open to the public.

DUPLICATE BRIDGE CLUB: Last tournament of the term. All welcome, please be prompt. 7:15 pm, Union Cafeteria.

MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY: Professor B. Brown speaks on "The Fundamental Group," Room 122, New Eng. Bldg., 1 pm.

Thursday, December 12
PHYSICS CLUB: Professor T. F. Morris to talk on "Some Interesting Galaxies". Room 106, PSC, 1 pm.

Friday, December 13
LIBERAL CLUB: Policy Committee Meeting, Walter M. Stewart Room, 1 pm.

Saturday, December 14
NEWMAN CLUB: Christmas Party for members. 10 pm at the house.
FILM SOCIETY: Serie d'Essai, The French Cinema — The Outsider, "Cuba Si", "Un Chien Andalou", "Zéro de Conduite", "L'Atalante". P.S.C.A., 8 pm.

SZO: Chanukah Party. Entertainment, guest speaker, dancing, refreshments. 2025 University St., 8 pm.

CHORAL SOCIETY: Executive meeting. Walter M. Stewart Room, 11 am.

Sunday, December 15
HILLEL: Chanukah Dance. Admission: 50¢ stag, 45¢ drag for members double for non-members. 7:30 pm.

Friday, December 20
AFRICAN STUDENTS ASSOCIATION: Christmas dance and party. 9 pm, Union Ballroom. African students please contact Kassim-lakha, VI. 4-0977.

Sunday, December 22
CHORAL SOCIETY: Carol singing at Montreal General Hospital. Meet in main lobby at 2:15 pm.

Monday, December 23
CHORAL SOCIETY: "Sing at Christmas '63" recordings, pictures (75¢) and programs available in Union Workshop office, 10 am - 4 pm today only, or at first practice next term. Those wishing re-

cords sent must pay \$5.00 and leave their address at the office, Thursday, December 12, 12-2 pm.

Tuesday, December 24
NEWMAN CLUB: Midnight Mass. Chaplain's Christmas Day reception will take place immediately after in the Lounge at Newman Centre.

Wednesday, December 25
M.O.C.: Shawbridge houses will open throughout the holidays, with a festive Christmas feast and New Year's Eve celebrations. Reserve with Dave Shanks, 288-5342, or Nigel Beaumont, 844-5677.

Announcements

PGSS AND ISA PRESENTS INTERNATIONAL EVENING

The Post-Graduate Students' Society and the International Students' Association present an international evening, on Friday, December 13, from 6:30 to 12 pm in Redpath Hall. There will be three parts; a dinner of national dishes from 6:30 to 8 pm, entertainment and dancing. Chairman is Roy Lee of Air and Space Law. Students who bring their national dish will be admitted free. ISA dance previously announced for this date has been cancelled. Rates will be same for PGSS and ISA members.

SOIREE DU CERCLE FRANÇAIS PRESENTATION DE JEAN-ETHIER BLAIS
 Tous les membres du Cercle Français sont invités à une soirée chez Paul Boulanger, 5417 Bro-deur, à 7:30 pm, vendredi le 13 décembre. D'abord M. Jean-Ethier Blais nous parlera de la vie universitaire en France; ensuite il y aura de la musique, du vin et de la conversation avec des étudiants de l'Université de Montréal.

PHILOSOPHY PROFESSOR TO ADDRESS HILLEL
 Dr. Abraham Kaplan, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Michigan, will be the lecturer at Hillel's first program of the second term, an "On-Campus" Forum on Wednesday evening, January 8. His subject will be "The Ethics of the Book of Job." Chanukah will be celebrated at Hillel House with the kindling of the Chanukah lights today, tomorrow, and Friday at 1 pm.

CIC TO HOLD STUDENT-PROFESSOR PARTY
 The Canadian Institute terminates activities for the first term with a student-professor party to be held tomorrow night at 7:30 pm. Entertainment includes a panel of chemists — Drs. Edward, Holcomb, Purves, and Schiff — who will be asked to defend themselves by answering the questions presented by the students. Dr. (Continued on page 5)

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Constitution Committee calls for revision ideas

The Constitutional Revision Committee has called for briefs from interested organizations or individual members of the Students' Society regarding methods by which deficiencies in the present constitution may be eliminated.

Such briefs must be submitted before January 15 to John in the Tuckshop to insure adequate publicity among students and consideration by Council.

Radio McGill to host Jodoin and MacEachen

Labour Minister Allan MacEachen and Claude Jodoin, President of the Canadian Labour Congress will be interviewed on a Radio McGill program on "The Labour Situation", Wednesday, December 18 at 7:05 pm.

The program will deal specifically with the maritime trusteeship and the unions which it controls. Mr. MacEachen and Mr. Jodoin will be interviewed by telephone through the facilities of CFCF. The host and producer of the program will be Bob Bowker.

All students are invited to listen to Radio McGill every evening in the Union Lounge.

Chairman William Fraiberg explained that the final report of the committee will have to be ready at least three weeks before the next open meeting of the Students' Society.

Fraiberg suggested that the briefs should relate to questions of how the present constitution is inadequate to the needs of the organization or individual submitting the brief, and of how these deficiencies may be eliminated.

Presentation of the briefs will be made at public meetings of the committee to which all students are invited to attend.

Any inquiries regarding the work of the committee should be made to Fraiberg at HU. 8-1209 or to the office of the Education Committee at the Union Basement.

front page photo by
RICHARD LEPIE

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Players' Club looking for student talent

The Players' Club is looking for scripts for its forthcoming production of "Experimentals '64".

"All student playwrights who are interested in having their works produced should submit their scripts before January 10," Craig Barish, Players' Club president said.

"Student scripts are also entered in the Inter-Varsity Drama Festival, thus affording adjudication by qualified professionals, with the added incentive of the Best Canadian Student Playwright Award."

Plays for production on the Players' Club Drama Series for Radio McGill are also needed. "These plays need not be radio plays, but simply adaptable, and about 23 minutes and 30 seconds long" Barish explained.

Plays should be submitted to John in the Tuckshop.

Cafeteria closes

The Union Cafeteria and Grill Room will close for the Holidays on Friday. They will reopen on Monday, January 6.

Classified

These ads may be placed in our advertising office (Union, main floor), 10 am. to 4 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates: 3 insertions, \$1.50, maximum 20 words.

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TO NEW YORK CITY anytime after the 25th. Will share gas, expenses. Contact Anne, Daily Office or call HU. 4-1662.

TO DETROIT next Monday or Tuesday. Can share gas and driving. Call Nick, 937-9623.

HELP TO TORONTO (or Guelph) Saturday Dec. 14 or Sunday. Phone Wenda at 842-7317 or 288-2244 (Daily Office).

MISCELLANEOUS

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ATTENTION SKI INSTRUCTORS: Again this year the Ski Jays are sponsoring a condensed Ski Instructor's Course on Murray Park, December 16, 17, and 18 from 7:30 to 10 pm. Anyone interested please contact Elizabeth Danch, WE. 7-4573, for application forms and further information.



This is not an example of the dancing or costumes to be done at this year's Annual New Year's Eve Gala Night, jointly sponsored by the ISA and ASUS, in the Union Ballroom from 9 pm to 3 am. Music will be provided by the Buddy Kaye Orchestra and Trinidad's Melotones Steel Orchestra. There will also be an "International Student Show". Admission 50¢ per person. Door prizes, spotlight and dance prizes.

Today...

(Continued from page 4)

Onyszchuk will be Chairman of the contest. Members of the CIC will be admitted free.

DR. APTHEKER ADDRESSES DEBATING UNION

Dr. Herbert Aptheker, a leading theoretician of the United States Communist Party, will address a meeting sponsored by the Debating Union and the Young Communist League tomorrow at 1 pm in the Union Ballroom. Dr. Aptheker is well known for his books and for his lectures at universities all over the US and in various foreign countries.

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT TO BE HELD TOMORROW

The senior students of the Faculty of Music will present a Chamber Music Concert tomorrow and Friday in Redpath Hall at 8:30 pm.

Featured will be The Brass Ensemble, playing from the balcony in the tradition of ancient German "Tower Music". The program consists of works by Gabrieli, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, and Purcell.

HIGH SCHOOL PROGRAM NEEDS MORE VOLUNTEERS

The program expects to extend

its work to over thirty-five high schools. At present, many speakers, especially seniors, are graduates, and still needed. Those interested please apply to John in the Tuck Shop.

Christmas box waiting for you

If you've been wondering what those pretty red boxes are doing in buildings on campus, they're part of the Christmas Basket Campaign, sponsored by the Christian Religious clubs, which is being held this week, December 9-13.

The aim of the campaign is to collect clothes, toys, food and money to distribute to poor families in Montreal.

Boxes have been placed in all of the principal buildings on campus and all who are willing to give are asked to bring in whatever they have and leave it in one of the boxes.

Everything will be distributed shortly before Christmas, but the number of families that receive depends entirely on how much is donated. The names of the families are supplied by the Red Feather.

The I.S.A. and the A.S.U.S.

will hold their

Annual

New Year's Eve Dance

Tuesday, December 31st, 1963

from 9 pm to 3 am the following year

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Twelve short weeks

With disconcerting speed, the first term has come and almost gone; a few lectures, a few term papers, a few exams and McGill University will stand virtually deserted until 1964 and the second term get under way.

The last 12 weeks have witnessed a series of events which span the full range of human emotions and experience, some of importance to only a few individuals, others affecting the entire world, and still others covering the full spectrum between these extremes.

Within the confines of our own university we have been surrounded with activity and growth. Every empty lot owned by McGill appears to be the site of some construction project and, where empty lots have not been available, old buildings have fallen at the hands of demolition crews to be replaced by new. Going hand in hand with the physical expansion of McGill has been her intellectual growth. A new Institute of French-Canadian studies has been opened. Expanded facilities at the Allan Memorial will allow significantly increased research.

On the student-faculty level, a new spirit of co-operation and mutual understanding is apparent for which we must be particularly grateful to our Principal, Dr. H. Locke Robertson.

However, the first term has not been one of un-mixed blessing for McGill. In quick succession we suffered two serious losses, one, a beloved teacher since 1926, Professor John Culliton, the other, McGill's greatest benefactor, Mr. J.W. McConnell.

Moving outward from the campus the last 12 weeks have seen continuous negotiation and much disappointment in our dealings with the Provincial government. Fees have been increased. Bursaries have been decreased. Progress has been virtually non-existent. We have made some progress in understanding our French-Canadian confrères and convincing them to understand us, but this has been very slow and much more remains to be done.

Moving further from home, or more accurately moving to events which affect the entire world, there have been a number of important developments. In the last 12 weeks, the major powers of the eastern and western world have succeeded in reaching agreement in a treaty banning atmospheric testing of nuclear devices. Peace on earth is still only a dream but the gradual poisoning of the people of the world has for the time being ceased.

The most staggering event of the last few months was, certainly the assassination of John F. Kennedy, 35th President of the United States of America. It is doubtful that any single event has ever gripped the minds of as many people as did this tragedy. The world has still to recover from the trauma caused by Kennedy's death; objective analysis of it is for the distant future only.

Twelve eventful weeks have passed since most of us began lectures. Now we pause for a brief respite before the second term begins. What it will hold no one can say. It will demand mental and physical alertness, fresh minds and rested bodies. We wish all our readers, the faculty and students of McGill University, together with their families and friends, the best which the new year can bring.

John F. Kennedy — A Tribute

Today, I will not discuss any of the material of the Course. For, even though we are sheltered within these academic walls, yet we cannot ignore the terrible event of last Friday. Canada is a sister country to the United States, and cannot but share in our sorrow. Indeed the speech of Mr. Pearson was one of the best I have heard; without any oratorical flourishes, he conveyed sincerity and conviction; he spoke from the heart. Moreover, we, in places of educational activity, surely have a special interest in Mr. Kennedy, for he was a man with deep concern for ideas, for the life of the intellect. He brought dash and style into the White House; he encouraged constantly scientists, poets, musicians and all men of letters. There is also more. Mr. Kennedy, in his energy, his hopefulness, his buoyant and gay spirit and in his enthusiasm embodies the image of youth; he represented yourselves. Youth is ardent and ambitious but is also liable to quick disappointments and disillusionments; you have not yet — as a matter of course — met with disasters. And this precisely is what the terrible event of Friday signifies to us today: the universal fact of adversity — and a fact which we must take into our hearts.

A brilliant light was suddenly put out.

An upstanding tree, not yet in its prime, reaching to the sky — a tree with outstretched branches sheltering many: this tree suddenly was struck by lightning and now lies shattered.

On that sunny Texas afternoon, a flock of birds was flying swiftly high above, led by an eagle, soaring, graceful, powerful. Suddenly a shot is heard. Look, the eagle is falling down, down, his wings limp, for he is dead.

At once that eagle is enfolded in tender arms; as we know, Mrs. Kennedy gathered him in her arms and held him gently and protectively as the car sped to the hospital. I must now interrupt to add a word about Mrs. Kennedy. Having listened to the commentators and watched the T.V., I know this — that she carried herself with great strength, composure, self-control. Only an hour or so after his death, she stood by the side of the new president as he took his oath of office at the Dallas airport; and at the procession from the hospital to the Capitol, and then at the Capitol she walked erect and stood unmoving; a figure of tragic grandeur. And there is another thing. She was with him in the car speeding to the hospital; she was with him inside the ambulance which took him to the plane; when the plane arrived at Washington, once more she entered the ambulance with him, and in that night she stayed at the hospital where his body was, till after 4 am.

She stayed by him in death as in life. And at the Rotunda of the Capitol she watched with her two children beside her; mother and children were together; and she took Caroline along when she went to kneel by the coffin. She had the children with her so that they could share with her the sorrows and the glories of their father, alive or dead. In all this, she symbolized the absolute unity of man and women wedded together, the oneness of the family, more complete than in any other relation.

What shocked us about the tragic event of that Friday was its suddenness. One moment he was waving gaily, the next he had been mortally struck. Such disaster shocks also because it comes so unpredictably. His plans, all human plans — became victims of the unexpected chances and mischances of life. I don't believe that he ever knew what had happened to him, and perhaps it was better so. There is one final irony: that such an insignificant person, such a nonentity, could bring down the majesty of power. The worst thing about adversity is that it makes no sense, that it is utterly meaningless. And so, let me say some words about adversity and how one should meet it.

It is an outrage to human sensibility and conscience that hatred should conquer love, that violence should defeat moderation, that despairing frustration and littleness should undermine greatness of spirit, that evil

should be — or seem — stronger than goodness. What kind of world can it be which permits that such things should happen? Yet this is what we should learn, that evil exists and is powerful; that Satan did not lie

by

PROFESSOR RAPHAEL DEMOS

Prof. Demos is a visiting Professor of Philosophy. He delivered this talk to his class in Philosophy 200, in place of his usual lecture. We are proud to reprint the full text of the address for the benefit of the entire McGill University community.

when, in tempting Jesus in the desert, he claimed that he, Satan, owned the world. On the contrary, we should be surprised that goodness exists at all here and there; perhaps there is a power making for goodness, and perhaps it will eventually win. The reality of evil is a lesson we learn from the tragic drama. In Romeo and Juliet, a wonderful love is buried in the grave; in Othello, a good man is brought to his death by Iago, the incarnation of evil; Hamlet, in despair of his mother, says of her that she is 'stewed in corruption'.

The evil in life is of two kinds. The first is adversity and it is inevitable. There is the failure of our hopes, always greater than our capacities, but often a failure due to circumstance; there is the inevitable breakdown of friendships, there

is sickness, there, is the death of those we love. The second kind of evil is wickedness, plain malevolence, sin in the human soul. You will work for good causes, and yet these causes may be defeated by the forces of evil. There is hatred, hostility, brutality, depths of brutality. Aristotle spoke wisely about the meaning of tragic drama and I would like to borrow one or two ideas from him, giving them a slant of my own. For instance, he speaks of recognition. We should all recognize the malice in us, our evil thoughts, our hostile attitudes. This is the self-knowledge that Socrates talked about; the knowledge that we are ignorant, that we are full of illusions about ourselves, that we are finite, all of us with a vulnerable Achilles heel; and therefore we should not be proud.

Then there is the recognition of evil outside us, of fate, chance and adversity. Everyone needs to undergo a Copernican revolution. Before Copernicus, people thought that the sun revolves around the earth; after Copernicus they realized that the earth revolves around the sun. This change has its human side. We tend to think that we are at the center of things and that life is made to suit our purposes. We should all realize that, rather than being at the center, we are at the circumference. We do not count as much as we would like to think in the scheme of affairs; there is a fate which controls us, or at least of which we must take account.

But to recognize the existence
(Continued on page 8)

The Managing Board

extends to all the students and faculty
of McGill University
and especially to
our downstairs staff

Season's Greetings

and Best Wishes for a

Happy New Year

THE NEWS IN REVIEW

This fall marked lasting and even historic changes in the life of the Students' Society and the University. After 30 years of patient waiting construction of the New Union finally began. J.W. McConnell, probably McGill's greatest benefactor, died. The first MCSA was held, radical changes were made in the CUS structure, the government reduced bursaries, two McGill debaters toured Britain.

The year began for most of us with the perennial confusion, disorder, and chaos of registration, compounded during the first week of classes with the inevitable lineups outside the Bookstore, the Associate Dean's Office, and the steps of the Arts Building.

But for about 100 students — all leaders in their respective campus organizations — the year began one week earlier, in the relatively sane setting of the Union Ballroom. They had all congregated for the first McGill Conference of Student Affairs, set up to improve co-ordination and exchange of ideas between campus clubs. Reports were heard from most members of the SEC and from most major organizations.

A highlight of the Conference was the release of the Education Committee report on problems of communication between the students, the University, and the general public. The report made ten recommendations, many of which have already been implemented.

Josh White came to McGill to participate in a Hootenanny held in Redpath Hall... the Constitution of the McGill section of the Young Communist League was passed by Council... Dr. Eric Jay was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Divinity.

Trouble broke out on the other side of the mountain at the Université de Montréal as students held a 'boycottage' against their Cafeteria in response to a ten-cent hike in price. The two-week dispute ended in a compromise whereby three different meals would be served at different prices.

NFCUS revamped

Historic changes in the structure of NFCUS took place at the Edmonton Congress in response to a demand by French leaders for the creation of two separate unions with only an undefined 'superstructure' uniting them. A compromise was reached which, while creating two equal groups within the Canadian Union of Students, provided for a more cohesive structure and the protection of minority groups on the provincial as well as the federal level. McGill's Sonny Gordon was the key man in negotiations toward the compromise and for his invaluable work he was elected best delegate by the Congress.

Eight hundred students collected \$7,000 in the annual Red Feather Blitz... Activities Night took on a new look as it was held in the Sir Arthur Currie Gym rather than in the Union as in past years... Even the massive expanse of the Gym provided barely enough room for the unending hoards of Frosh.

Fall Convocation saw the granting of four Honorary degrees to the Hon. Paul Comtois, Dr. F. C. Horsfall, Agnes Matthews, and Cmdr. O. C. Robertson... Mrs. Frances Kelsey was given a Gold Medal... Professor Holcomb was the only survivor of this year's Professor's Raft... Cookie Lazarus was elected SAC Chairman and Bob Haack acclaimed Engineering rep in two SEC by-elections... a McGill debating team failed to prove to the satisfaction of its audience that Law and Justice are incompatible in a democratic society.

Homecoming Weekend saw 1,500 grads return to Campus to watch the football team lose and four commentators discuss the crisis within Confederation... Blood Drive obtained over 3,000 pints this year but failed to break a record despite an unprecedented 705-pint one-day total... Arts and Science captured the Bloody Mary trophy for the first time in years but failed to keep it for long before it inexplicably disappeared... Bloody Boris also disappeared — par for the course — but persistent rumours reach the Daily office that he may soon make an appearance.

Fire raged on Mont St. Hilaire the second time in

five years but the damage was apparently minimal... U.S. Negro Ralph Ellison, author of "The Invisible Man", addressed a SCOPE audience... Robert F. Shaw, Deputy Commissioner for the World's Fair, assured students that the Fair would be ready in time with no major difficulties... Nevin Bryant was appointed Chairman of Winter Carnival.

Students across the province became angered by the drastic and sudden reduction of government bursaries, the result of the system of norms established to guide the disbursements. After negotiations with student representatives, government officials admitted that the norms were unrealistic but claimed that they could not change them until next year. The negotiations also resulted in the establishment of certain special cases in which present norms could be waived.

Eric Kierans, Provincial Minister of Revenue, came to McGill only to be quizzed by irate students on the reduction of bursaries and the increase in fees... two Young Conservatives defeated two Young Communists

by
NOEL ROY
News Editor

by a narrow margin on a house vote on Communism being detrimental to mankind... Walter Burgess was appointed director of the Red and White Revue... Students and Faculty were shocked to hear of the death of J. T. Culliton, Professor of Economics here for many years.

The SEC slapped a \$10 fine on students caught with liquor at football games but Scarlet Keys trying to enforce the ruling at the final home football game were met with forceful defiance by some students... The ruling followed on the heels of the imposition of fines ranging from \$10 to \$25 on three students for rowdiness at football games.

The McGill Conference on World Affairs explored international regionalism for four days. Delegates from both Canada and the United States heard Dr. Ernst B. Haas on European regionalism, Dr. Zbigniew Brzezinski on Soviet regionalism, Dr. J. C. Hurewitz on Middle Eastern regionalism, and two panels on specialized aspects of the topic. Paul Martin, Canada's External Affairs Minister, discussed Canada's attitude towards power blocs at the closing banquet.

The Board of Governors and the SEC both approved a brief drawn up by the Post Graduate Students' Society regarding the establishment of a home for post-graduate students. The brief asked the Board of Governors to recognize the differences between post-grads and undergraduates, to approve in principle the desirability of a post-graduates' home, and to establish a Ways and Means committee to study how this could be accomplished.

The SEC budget was passed involving over \$110,000 in expenditures, with a deficit of about \$10,000... a WUS panel probed the crisis in Viet Nam following the overthrow of the Diem regime... a Russian student visiting Canada discussed student life in the Soviet Union... the Graduate School of Business Administration, under the direction of Dr. D. E. Armstrong, was officially opened... a Harvard debating team failed to convince a McGill house that international unions were not a threat to Canadian sovereignty.

This autumn the University lost one of its greatest friends and benefactors: J. W. McConnell, first Governor Emeritus of the University. His contributions to the University which altogether totalled \$15,000,000, include the McConnell Engineering Building and much of Montreal Neurological Institute.

The debating team of Gordon Echenberg and Richard Currie returned from their tour of the British Isles with a record of five wins, two losses, and two no-decisions. The pair debated with such prominent British political figures as Labour MP's Dennis Healey and Barbara Castle, and Liberal Jeremy Thorpe.

Right-wing Conservative MP Eldon Woolliams lived-end discussion here with his statement that the policies of the present government would lead the country into the tentacles of socialism... CUS postponed distribution of its magazine, "Campus Canada", for two weeks because the French words were broken in the wrong places... The Governor-General officially opened the new Training and Research Wing of the Allan Memorial Institute... the Liberal Club demanded MP Edmund Asselin's resignation because of an allegedly unethical land deal.

New Union started

The dream of many a McGill student for the past 30 years finally came true as construction of the new Students' Centre finally began. The first shovel was turned by Dr. H. Roelke Robertson and H. Sonny Gordon... Douglas Bremner Construction was given the contract for building the New Union which is expected to cost over three million dollars.

The Education Committee announced plans to submit a brief to the MTC regarding lower bus rates for students... The Student Discount Service got off the ground with 18 merchants selling a broad cross-section of goods and services... the University established a unique French Canada Studies Program under the direction of Dr. Michael K. Oliver... the Department of English presented Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" as its Fall production.

A high level of audience participation marked the parliamentary debate with the U of M on the Canadian constitution... a panel composed mainly of French-Canadian political commentators discussed the role of the English Quebecer.

SEC elections for faculty representatives were marred by irregularities in the contest for P & OT, Grad Nurses and Social Work rep. One of the candidates broke two of the electoral bylaws printed in the "Students' Handbook". A new election was called for yesterday and details are printed elsewhere.

Treasure Van made nearly \$7,000 worth of sales in one week here... Sir Basil Spence discussed his design for Coventry Cathedral... The SEC reprimanded the ASUS newspaper "The Clarion" for uncomplimentary references to the Scarlet Key.

The Red and White Revue announced plans to present a satire set in medieval England's Sherwood Forest. The title of this year's revue will be "The Man in the Green Flannel Suit" and will see Robin Hood leading the usual band of assorted idiots.

Asia Week presented a series of events designed to familiarize the Canadian student with Asian life and problems. A panel decided that Western ideas per se have no relevance in Asia, a Korean official of UNESCO described education efforts in his native country, and a former Canadian High Commissioner criticized Western aid policy. Students also saw an Asian fashion show and variety show and ate various meals from various countries.

Kennedy's death

President Kennedy's death shocked students and faculty of all nationalities and political allegiance. Reactions ranged from grief to amazement to disbelief — even to fear. "John Fitzgerald Kennedy has been murdered," a Daily editorial read, "sacrificed for the noble principles to which his life was dedicated." A memorial service for the assassinated President in Redpath Hall was filled to overflowing by students come to pay tribute.

An Open Meeting of the Students' Society was held for two days to deal with four amendments to the Students' Society constitution. One amendment to extend the sixty-five per cent rule passed easily. Another constitutionalizing the PGSS Trust Fund for a post-graduates' home also passed. However, the Daily motion to abolish statutory grants was defeated in the midst of rampant emotionalism, hisses and booing.

The second day's meeting opened with an unsuccessful attempt to rescind the decision of the previous day because "the emotionalism prevalent during discussion of the motion prevented adequate discussion of its merits". When the motion to give post-graduate students an extra representative came to the floor, what amounted to an impromptu filibuster broke out. Every procedural delaying tactic was used to prevent the motion from coming to a vote, since the post-grads easily dominated the house numerically.

The two open meetings contained everything that is bad in open meetings. If Wednesday's meeting illustrated one extreme, Thursday's easily slid back to the other.

This fall represented a series of challenges to the Students' Society. Some were met and resolved in a manner befitting the mature students we claim to be. Others were handled in the worst, the most inept and reprehensible way. Some problems were not even met, but deferred for consideration in another day. Will we be able to meet these challenges?

John F. Kennedy...

(Continued from page 6)

of evil does not mean that we should submit to it. We should never lower the flag, never renounce effort, desire and ambition — never, never. The point of acquiring the knowledge of evil is that we get prepared for it when it comes; such knowledge, prevents disillusionment and cynicism; it strengthens our morale. We shall not waver, we shall not be frightened when disaster strikes, for now we know our enemy, we know that he is lurking around and we are ready to fight.

There is another word of Aristotle's of which I would like to remind you, and that is catharsis, the purgation of the soul and, as he puts it, the purgation of the soul from terror. We shall not be terrified; when danger confronts us we shall oppose it with courage. On the one hand there is the knowledge that evil exists around and inside us; on the other, there is the faith in goodness. The first is a fact, a scientific fact; the other is a faith, but a faith that is strong and one which stimulates us to fight against evil. So, an adequate life combines at one and the same time the recognition of adversity, the knowledge of evil, and on the other, the attachment to the good, the hope that goodness will prevail. The first without the second produces cynicism and defeatism. The second without the first produces sentimentality and fatuous optimism. And perhaps, this battle against adversity, this faith that goodness will overcome wickedness — a faith aroused by evil itself — this endows evil with meaning, it makes sense out of it.

Finally, a word about education. In college the aim is to learn, to train the intellect. You read books and you acquire knowledge and the critical attitude of mind. This is good but far from being all there is to education. Remember that education is a preparation for life. Education aims at the whole person; it aims to develop

the human being via the intellect. When you have passed all your examinations, when you have mastered all the books assigned in your courses, when you receive your diploma, the question may still be raised: are you really educated, have you undergone the Copernican revolution, have you acquired the wisdom of the serpent which is the cool-headed recognition of evil and along with this — have you acquired the unterrified and courageous spirit to endure and to fight the evil?

The world into which you will enter after you leave these sheltered walls of the academy has changed markedly since Victorian days. Meanwhile — it is true — we have mastered our environment, we have produced green fields in the desert, we have built cities in the wilderness, we have constructed roads and highways with definite destinations. When we travel on these we know where we are going.

But in another sense we do not know. For, contrary to the way of life in Victorian times, our life today, socially, nationally, politically, internationally is dominated by the factor of unpredictability. We do not today know what tomorrow will bring. There are no roads, only trails leading nowhere. Stability and safety too are gone; our motto has necessarily become Nietzsche's phrase: live dan-

gerously. Young people are apt to look for security; but security in these days is a delusion; you will have to live in insecurity and make do with it. Still worse, international problems are becoming insoluble. Young people are confident that they can overcome obstacles, given energy and intelligence. But this is now a new and different world; perhaps, a hundred years hence it will be known as the world of insoluble, or well-nigh insoluble problems. I doubt that, in the years ahead of you and in your generation, the cold war will really come to have a normal temperature, one that you can live with.

So, as you leave college, you will enter a world of danger, of insecurity, of instability, of uncertainty, of obstinate problems resisting solution. You will be well educated if you are ready to meet such a world without discouragement, unafraid, with faith and with energy. In college, we, your teachers, try to train your intellect so that you may think for yourselves, make your own decisions and, as a result, become self-reliant, standing on your own feet, independent. For you will be alone, alone in making your deepest commitments, in finding your way in the jungle. And so, I hope you will go out of these gates truly educated, keenly aware of adversity and evil, and at the same time inspired with a faith in goodness and with the will to endure and to give battle.

Letters to the Editor

General protest

Dear Sir,

I would like to protest most strongly about some of the misleading remarks made in the *Daily* of Nov. 29. For example, in an Ed. Note, replying to Mr. C. C. Leznoff's letter which had criticized the Editor-in-Chief for leaving the Open Meeting during the second quorum count and returning thereafter, it is stated that he "left the meeting primarily to show his feeling for the action of Mr. Louis Cabri..."

As most of the people who were present at the meeting will recall, I had spoken around 1.25 pm and yet it was not until about 1.50 pm at the second quorum count that the Editor-in-Chief saw fit to rush out and return! Are we to believe that it took over twenty minutes to react to my "action"? I think that he has certain responsibilities to the student body, not only as Editor-in-Chief, but also as a member of the Scarlet Key Honour Society and of the SEC, so that he should not try to mislead them concerning what happened at the meeting. Furthermore, neither the Ed. Note

nor the *Daily* report explained that as soon as I was challenged for my "action", I returned to the rostrum and explained why I was against reconsidering the previous day's motion.

Even the headline of Nov. 29 is misleading — "Meeting dissolves into chaos, quashes amendment..." The meeting did not quash the PGSS amendment, and it was the obstructionist tactics of only a few individuals which prevented a vote from being taken.

The Editorials in the *Daily*, in my opinion, have shown unwarranted bias and reflected the views of a tiny segment of campus opinion. This was shown clearly by the lack of support of the *Daily* motion at the Open Meeting. The reporting of the Open Meeting left much to be desired in accuracy and content. For some reason or other, the last sentence, and a very important sentence, of my statement to the *Daily* was omitted in the last issue. It is the one in which I thanked all graduate students for their admirable support.

L. J. Cabri, Ph.D. 4

ED NOTE: Two wrongs still don't make one right.



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R. A. Mundell

PROFESSORIAL PROFILES

Professor Robert Alexander Mundell, for the last three months Visiting Professor of Economics at McGill, is a highly-respected authority on international trade.

Born in Kingston 31 years ago, Professor Mundell has for the last two years worked on the staff of the International Monetary Fund, the organization which stabilizes currency prices throughout the world.

Dressed casually, with shirt-sleeves rolled, Professor Mundell works at a relaxed pace behind the cluttered desk which dominates one corner of his office. To the visitor, he appears at once pensive and dynamic, as he puffs thoughtfully on his pipe or bursts into animated discussion.

What did he think of the University so far? "McGill's Economics Department is good — at least by Canadian standards. Its undergraduate facilities, in fact, are first-class."

"But," he continued, "no Canadian University has developed a really important graduate school. In fact, there are fewer Ph.D.'s granted in one year in Canada than in the City of Boston alone."

Professor Mundell is certainly qualified to contrast the merits of Canadian and American institutions. After obtaining his BA in Economics and Slavonic Studies from the University of British Columbia in 1953, he studied successively at the University of Washington, M. I. T. and London School of Economics, where he was Mackenzie King Scholar. In 1956-57, he was a post-Doctoral Fellow in Political Economy at the University of Chicago.



He then began lecturing, first at UBC, then at Stanford University, and, in 1959-61, at Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies in Bologna, where he received his full professorship. Since then he has been with the International Monetary Fund in Washington, meanwhile teaching at George Washington and Georgetown Universities.

A verbal as well as actual economist, he is reticent to talk about his many achieve-

lar and I expect no crisis of gold outflow."

Discussing his work on the International Monetary Fund, Professor Mundell brought up what he referred to as his "gold herring", an imaginative proposal to introduce greater flexibility into the exchange of gold. He advocates that the US government sell gold at a higher price than it buys at. This, he claims, would prevent stagnation in countries with a balance of payments deficit, and inflation in those with a payments surplus.

Asked whether he preferred the task of research and communication or the more concrete one of putting theory into action, Professor Mundell replied, "Most of us like to think of ourselves as both men of thought and men of action."

I certainly would not like to remain only a teacher all my life. But, in Economics in particular, there is no great dichotomy between research and practical activity. Economics is one of the few social sciences where there is possibility of some experimentation."

Married to an American girl Mundell has three children. As to his extra-curricular interests, Mundell said, "I am very fond of the theatre and good music, but as to having any talent for them, I'm a consumer — definitely not a producer."

by Charlie Shannon

ments. Author of many authoritative articles, Professor Mundell is currently in the process of writing a book on international trade.

He was, just three weeks ago, called to address the Joint Economic Committee of the United States Congress, on the liquidity problem.

Noting that he had testified exactly one week before the assassination of the President, he could see no drastic changes in Johnson's monetary policy. "He has retained the team he met while a student at UBC, of Kennedy advisors, especially Martin, Dillon, and Hiller. The banks will support the US dol-

'NEATH THE HILL

with
Iew soroka
Newsfeatures Editor

We hear a lot about this being a man's world. And we have lately heard rumblings that it isn't. I suppose it's a tossup, or so I thought until recently. I have just begun to realize to what extent femininity has taken over our society.

The "last straw", as it were, was piled on when I visited a downtown barbershop recently — rows of soft, inviting chairs, modern decor, and barbers with hairstyles by M. Jean. There are beauty parlors that look tougher.

In the good days, and they weren't so long ago, you swaggered into a barbershop, spat, and picked up the latest copy of the Police Gazette. And when your turn came, you waded through piles of hair on the floor, climbed into the chair and grunted. He knew, the barber did. He cut your hair. He didn't cut here, trim there, and take scientific samplings to determine the best hair dressing for that stubborn scruff behind your left ear. He cut it, that's all.

It's a far different story today. The places are spotless; don't try to tell me it's more sanitary and this is healthy, because I've never had infected dandruff, and I don't know anyone else who has. And some shops require appointments, and it's no wonder — the only thing you can read while you're waiting, should you just drift in off the street, is the Ladies Home Journal.

I don't suppose barbershops are the only culprits. Bowling alleys aren't too far gone, and I guess that's because I don't think I'll ever see anything feminine in a little girl swinging a sixteen pound bowling ball. But it's just not the same when the local hustler lays his money out on a pastel pink pool table.

It's a fact that the all-male habitat is fast disappearing. The Union, when it was first built, was a club for men, and for years it was a special event indeed when women were allowed above the ground floor. This has reversed itself to the extent that the ladies' room is now on the second floor.

One of the architects working on the new Union once mentioned that it was a shame that no room could be found for a lounge for men only.

It's interesting to speculate on this trend. In years gone by, a professional athlete was looked upon as some kind of freak, rather than some sort of desirous Greek god. But in those days, there was something mysterious about every man, something which put every man into the class of today's heroes. He went places no woman ever went, or wanted to go.

There may be one refuge — the Quebec tavern. Fortunately, some still have a little sawdust on the floor, and the waiter's stomach occasionally hangs out over his low-slung dirty apron. And he looks like he could bounce you on your head if you caused trouble.

This "trouble" is not the sort a woman would probably think of. You can shout in a good tavern, and if there's a fly in your beer you can raise hell — but you'll still have to drink the beer. Trouble is when you stand up and block the T.V. set carrying the hockey game, and I'd rather be bounced for that than for telling the barbershop's manicurist what to do with her "Would you like your cuticles trimmed, sir".

Newsfeatures Survey 4: Premarital sex — nix or yahoo?

"If a female has premarital sexual relations with someone other than her future husband, do you think it will affect the happiness of the couple, in marriage, and the success of the marriage?" This was the question asked to both males and females. Fifty students—one half male one half female—were interviewed.

75% of the females thought a female's premarital sex relations would be detrimental to the compatibility of the marriage... 75% of the males, disagreed. They thought that this factor would probably not have any effect, either as far as they, or people in general were concerned.

This survey, if it were meant to detail what students actually do believe, could not but be a total failure. Frankness is not attained in an interview. This, however, was not our aim: all we sought to ob-

tain was what students say they believe. What they think the norms of the student population are determines their answers in large measure.

Although one expected to be slapped on the face, this did not happen too frequently. Though some coeds were reluctant to answer, only one coed abruptly said: "If you are asking me personally it is none of your business, and if you are asking me generally, I don't know." (We must admit that this argument is quite a valid one).

Female replies were often accompanied by this complaint: "Men are such hypocrites — if a man isn't virginal, a woman shouldn't be expected to be one either."

Though a few women answered the question by dealing with their own feelings, most shifted to the male response to a woman's premarital sex, and the effect it would have on him.

"The marriage would be harmed because there's bound to be a guilt complex on the part of the woman; I know I'd feel guilty, because I'd never tell my husband."

Most said: "It depends upon the maturity of the male."

by Marvin Goldberg

Only a few women who felt a woman's premarital sex would not affect the happiness of the couple in marriage elaborated upon their replies:

One third year coed said: "A few years ago I would have said premarital sex would have a terrible effect. Now perhaps I've changed my mind."

"No" said another coed. "If a man loves a woman, he won't mind if she has had sex relations in the past."

"Men desire a degree of 'purity' in the woman they marry" explained another coed. "If

she is not pure, he will lose his trust of her, and the marriage will be hurt."

The replies men gave were often in a light vein, although some took the time to seriously consider the question.

"It depends on how important sex is in marriage. An intellectual marriage will not be adversely affected."

One engineer reasoned thus: "Kinsey says 90% of women have had premarital sex relations. 70% of marriages are happy. Therefore, the 20% unhappy marriages result from premarital sex."

One student said, "A woman's morals should be tighter than men's," and he wouldn't respect "a woman with loose morals." This in turn was called a "turn of the century mentality", by one of his friends.

"We should be modern enough to allow it; We must be BROADminded," argued two engineers.

One male declared: "If husband and wife are honest, the

marriage will be a better one if the female is experienced."

When an artsman replied "You drive a car before buying it", it took his friend to remind him that "a woman is not a car".

A long argument followed this reply: "If you're really in love with a girl, you enjoy just being with her without taking her to bed."

"Premarital sex — you're darn right it's a good thing — I'd be lost without it."

Never have people been so anxious to put aside what they were doing at the time, to answer a question. All the questioner had to do was approach two people and soon enough the argument among these two had developed into a discussion among six or eight people. As we left, after obtaining the relevant responses, people were still arguing. It is strange (or is it?) that topics such as "Free Education," and "The Times-ter Plan" didn't attract nearly the same attention.

Hey sucker! Planning to go skiing?

The skiing season, despite all indications to the contrary, is upon us. Hills are brimming with snow. Mount Sutton threatens to collapse under the weight of many feet of stacked snowflakes, and Stowe is now requiring reservations for the tow line.

Wanna bet? That's what reports say, report in the honoured tradition of the inimitable ski announcer who once said, "Here we are at Mt. —. Bring wax. Lots of people here. Bring wax. Tow line capacity is up this year. Bring wax. The skiing is great... if you use a little wax."

And so, in a spirit of public service, we present a survey analysis on the interpretation of ski reports.

Cutlines we wish



"I recognize the name, Officer, but I can't seem to place the face."



It's a little crude, but if you ain't got no scalpel, you ain't got no scalpel."

What they say

What they mean

The year is off to a good start.	Grass.
The greatest start in years.	Wet grass.
Ski school is now underway.	Once you pay for the lessons, you won't leave.
We've got a new T-bar this year...	... to replace the two that collapsed last January.
The new chair lift is now operational.	But we're having trouble with the foundations above the cliff.
We opened a new trail last week.	A drunk rolled down the north side through the woods.
We're getting ready for the Christmas rush.	We've bought our own ambulance.
All facilities have been expanded.	We've set up a repair and rental shop on the expert trail, the "Boulders".
The skiing is great.	It's fair.
It's fair.	It's lousy.
Great for this time of year.	Forget it.
We've got a good strong base.	It's a hard, solid mountain.
We have a full staff of instructors.	You'll have to wait while the ski school gets on the tow.
There'll be night skiing this week.	The calendar says there'll be a full moon.
We've been grooming the hills all night.	We've iced the rocks.
We've iced the rocks.	We have a new frigidaire in the bar.
The bar is open.	There's no snow.
There's a motel nearby so you can get on the hills early.	Yahooooo!
We don't allow drunks on the hills.	The drinks are watered.
Take your family...	... to the movies.

we had run -



"You lose. You give it the ticket."

McGILL DAILY PANORAMA

Vol. 3

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1963

No. 11

Three of the last four Red and White Revues have been written, book and lyrics, by Dave Mayerovitch. Now in his last year in the Faculty of Arts at McGill, Dave is working on his final Revue, "The Man in the Green Flannel Suit". Until now, few McGill playwrights have wished to turn profes-

sional, and even fewer have succeeded. Dave hopes to be in this smaller group. His capabilities in the field of political-satire musical are already recognized. Encouraged by past successes, he is this year taking the Revue out of Montreal, McGill, and politics to write a social satire set in Medieval England.

THE MAN



DAVE MAYEROVITCH
— even the underwear was green

"Experience? Well, I don't know. Unless you'd call writing editorials for the *Daily* experience." Dave is probably right. Editorial writing is hardly a normal background for a college playwright of his capabilities. But there it is.

In 1959, he resigned his position as News Editor of the *Daily*, feeling that it didn't offer sufficient challenge. He joined two friends over coffee, and half an hour later, found himself agreeing to do a major portion of the writing for *Got It Made*. This was a turning point in Dave's life.

Until then, he was just another college student, perhaps a little more perceptive and intelligent than most. Now, he had a driving force directing his life. To write. In the intervening three years, he has been script writer for two more revues — *O Kennedy* in 1961 and *Something for Nothing* in 1963.

He looks upon these efforts as probably the best experience available for an aspirant playwright; in this medium, he can watch his work rehearsed, watch it presented to an audience, and watch spectator reaction. He knows the reaction that indicates success, and can study

how best to achieve it. And indeed, he has succeeded.

However this is the year of change. During the previous years, the Revue satire has been directed at the current political situation in Canada. This trend,

"Everyone in the show is trying to climb up the status ladder, and the fun will come from watching them try to push each other off."

If present indications are sustained, this year's Revue, *The Man in the Green Flannel Suit* should be an all time high,

major field for the last few years. The long hours and constant attention demanded by this endeavour have severely restricted his time. However, the experience has been invaluable.

"One of the interesting things about writing for a college production is fitting the actor to the part, and vice-versa. In the professional theatre, you can audition actors and actresses until you find exactly the ones you want for the part. But when you're working with a limited supply of amateur talent, you have to take what you can get which, fortunately, at McGill is often very, very good.

"Once the parts are cast, the personality and talents of the individual actor often suggest new ideas which can be written in.

"Indeed, working for a musical such as the Revue, so much can be learned. Your aim is either laughter or applause, and with a live audience, you see the reaction to the show—good or bad".

At length, Dave turned again to this year's presentation. For the first time

by WENDA McNEVIN

in years, the performers will be in period costume, an expression of the writer's suspicion that McGill is tired of "actors in three-button suits." Thus the cast, clad in Lincoln green, will move about through medieval castles, the Sheriff of Nottingham's home and Sherwood Forest — a veritable Disneyland set.

The characters are all recognizable types. Maid Marion personifies the fourth-year McGill girl looking frantically for a husband — med or law students only need apply. The Merrie Men are fraternity boys, complete with fraternity fun and songs; the Sheriff is an ulcer-ridden failure with a neurotic battle-ax (his wife) pulling the strings. Body-building fanatic Little John and social-climbing Robin Hood join an updated Friar Tuck to add to the antics.

Dave is following the example of Gilbert and Sullivan in presenting a comic British Lord as one of the chief characters, but, as today "we know things about English morality that Gilbert and Sullivan never knew", the lord in question comes equipped with a seventeen year old girl-friend.

Behind the Green Flannel Suit

established with *My Fur Lady* in 1957, reached its peak last year with *Something for Nothing*, coinciding so beautifully with Caouette's own power peak.

"But audiences won't laugh forever at political satire. Last year, some of the scenes best received were either straight theatrical comedy or social, rather than political satire." And so this year, he is leaving the 'political rut' to write a satire on society. "Status seeking is the main theme and you may recognize a few college types among my characters."

a suitable finale to Mayerovitch's college career. For this time next year, Dave hopes to be 'D. Mayerovitch, BA; CBC writer'.

Realisation of this ambition seems very probable. In past years, Dave has passed his summer working, first for two advertising agencies, then for a public relations firm, as a copy-writer. One of his plays, a comedy, was presented on Radio McGill a few years ago. A number of plays, in various stages of completion, lie scattered around his home.

The Revue, however, has been Dave's

In concluding the interview, Dave spoke briefly on university playwrights in general. He bemoaned the tendency of college writers to "forget that theatre is for audiences. They are often too preoccupied with selling some vague philosophic concept, or with banning the bomb, or walling about non-communication."

It is this concern of Dave's for the audience, for communication, that make him what he is. Without it, no playwright, however talented, can hope for true success.

R E V I E W S

Wives and Lovers

A Hal Wallis Production, directed by John Rich, from a screenplay by Edward Inhalt based on Jay Presson's play. Now showing at the Palace Theatre starring Janet Leigh, Van Johnson, Shelley Winters and Martha Hyer.

After the blatant decadence of current European art films in which lovers are seldom married, and never to each other, this American counterpart is definitely puritanical. The title *Wives and Lovers* is somewhat misleading; there are: one bona fide wife, a cynical divorcee living on alimony and gin, and no lovers! The plot revolves around a young couple and their little girl who, although wallowing in garbage in a Brooklyn slum, are nevertheless enveloped in mutual love.

When the agent, a blond sophisticate dripping in diamonds and mink, sells the novel, (aptly entitled "Rolling in Clover") and the little family begins its climb to the top, corruption naturally sets in.

The writer, carried away by his new-found affluence and fame, is nearly seduced by his glittering agent. In return, his hicky but cute little wife nearly seduces a handsome movie star, engaged to play in the stage adaptation of this lucrative masterpiece. Needless to say, they both realize this is not the real thing and the film ends with a shot of them tearing up to their bed of illicit love.

This portrayal of a once-good writer gone to the dogs, is typically unconvincing, the photography prosaic. The only human being in the film is the

little girl who has an endearing idiosyncrasy of disliking her food touching: she eats everything on separate plates. The other actors are appalling stereotypes; all three women are the same shade of bleached platinum, inside and out. The men support the current view of the ignominy of the American male. As an unconscious indictment not only of the American "entertainment set" who give parties, get divorced, jump in and out of bed; but of the general moral fluidity of the middle class, the film may have some value. As a reply to *La Dolce Vita*, it is a failure.

T. B.

Le Doulos

Directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, starring Jean-Paul Belmondo and Serge Reggiani. Now playing at the Cinema Festival.

Le Doulos is argot for stoolie (which is a police informer for those not familiar with underworld lingo). This American style French language movie is nothing more than a gangster film in spite of the fact that it stars Belmondo and is directed by Jean-Pierre Melville.

The plot is extremely complicated with an inordinate amount of red herrings thrown in, à la Perry Mason. Suffice to say that Belmondo is the stoolie who, in the end, turns out not to be the stoolie; Serge Reggiani is his friend who suspects that Belmondo is informing the police, and while in prison due to the tipping off of the police, he hires a thug to kill Belmondo. But he is killed instead while trying to warn Belmondo, having discovered in the meantime that Belmondo was not the stoolie.

Not only is Belmondo finally killed, but there is also for supplementary excitement a dyed blonde who is bound and gagged and later killed, a policeman who is Belmondo's friend and is killed in a gunfight (of which the film abounds). The cause of these minor outbursts is a load of jewels that keeps changing hands, appearing and reappearing at strategic intervals in the film, to dazzle the eye of the beholder.

In order to make the American viewer (to whom the film is obviously directed) feel chez lui, as it were, there are shots of plush houses with lavish interiors that the camera lingers on lovingly, expensive night-clubs where dark-suited "heavies" lurk around every sprouting fountain and report secret goings-on to the tight lipped boss, police stations-bright lighted and stark — where grim-faced and all-knowing officials pace up and down and always have a trick up their sleeve. And, of course there are shiny tail-finned convertibles that only the more affluent gangsters drive — their tastes evidently formed from watching too many American movies.

Reggiani's acting is admirable and Belmondo's portrayal of the hard-shelled gangster with the loyal interior and a way of getting what he wants, is guaranteed to set the ladies' hearts aflutter.

N. L.

My Life to Live

Now playing at the Snowdon Theatre, starring Anna Karina, directed by Jean-Luc Godard.

The movie-going public has eagerly awaited the fulfillment of the cinematic promise of *Breathless*, but it seems from *My Life to Live* that they will either have to be more patient or look elsewhere.

The plot, divided into chapters each supplied with Brechtian titles, tells the tale of a prostitute and how she got that way. Nana, (Anna Karina — Godard's wife) is a Parisian salesgirl whose poverty forces her to walk the streets. Nana apparently, has abandoned her husband and child and now with rents and living expenses piling up and filled with a sense of boredom and uselessness she decides to solve all her problems by taking the step into whoredom. She has made her own choice and seems satisfied in the sense of independence it gives. This, however, is her side of the picture. To the audience, she is nothing more than a puppet, a victim of the blind, brutal forces that crush her unknowingly in their eternal cycle. In the end Nana is sold like a common piece of property and shot — written off as a business loss.

This seems like a good subject for a film; Godard, unfortunately, was not up to it, and the movie degenerates into a series of vacuous, stylistic devices. Seldom has so much technical knowledge gone to say so little. The opening sequence of of couple conversing in a restaurant — backs to the camera — for the eternity of seven minutes, may show Godard's cinematic daring, but as far as the film and its exposition are concerned, it is entirely meaningless. It is trickery for tricks' sake. Not only does the sequence have no message, (and, God knows, I've tried to read something into it) but it leaves us irritated and bewildered.

The other episodes are no less empty. The camera follows Nana around the streets with loving attention (and Anna Karina herself may certainly merit this), but whenever she opens her mouth, dull clichés and nonsense roll out like artificial pearls of coloured glass; as soon as they hit the hard ground of the understanding, they break into little grey pieces. In one scene, Nana indulges in a hand-held discussion of "serious things" with a philosopher in a coffee bar. There are some hurried references to "silence" and other suitable, quasi-existentialist topics. The knowledge that a real-life philosopher is playing the role of the café philosopher (Brice Parain) is no credit either to the state of French philosophy or to the state of French filmmaking. The result is dull, tedious, metaphysical nonsense. The scene with Raoul, Nana's pimp, is another of their type. Allusions to that famous French author, Edgar Allen Poe, and Leibniz, are thrown in for the culture vulture, but name-dropping is still name-dropping, and all Godard's literary pretensions serve for naught.

The photography is excellent and physically, the film is educating, but the main character

remains intellectually unrealized and the contents of her mind are always miles away from our perception. Nana is beautiful but dead. The jigsaw-puzzle of the film can only be solved by the outright fabrication of the numerous missing pieces.

M. M.

Montreal Symphony Orchestra

Montreal Symphony Orchestra at Place des Arts, December 2nd and 3rd, guest conductor: Seiji Ozawa, in the following program:
Sea Gallows Perrault
Requiem for Strings Takemitsu
Concerto in D Minor (K. 466) Mozart

guest soloist, Leon Fleisher
Pictures at an Exhibition
Moussorgsky-Ravel

A tiny little man conducted the M.S.O. last week. He was Japanese. He proved beyond all doubt that to be a good conductor is not the privilege of Western man. From the moment he bounced onto the podium, to his final exit amid a standing ovation, he had complete mastery over the orchestra. His beat was absolutely precise, and he seemed to feel physically every nuance in the music.

Leon Fleisher is an excellent pianist. His performance was admirable, but he played as if he were dead tired. His playing lacked the vitality required for the Mozart Concerto, although his sensitivity as a musician came through in the slow second movement.

Michel Perreault, the composer of Sea Gallows, is a percussionist with the M.S.O. This work was commissioned for Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, and has been performed extensively throughout Canada as a ballet. Perreault incorporated four Maritime folk songs into his composition, and it was interesting to hear these in a different context. The difficult rhythmic sections were well-played and precise. The third of the four movements was especially beautiful.

The Requiem for Strings by Toru Takemitsu, a contemporary Japanese composer, was a rather nondescript piece. It was the first performance by the M.S.O. I hesitate to criticize because I am not schooled in contemporary music, but I did not like it.

The second part of the program was Pictures at an Exhibition. This was a very exciting performance. This work is very well-known, and without much trouble may be played with a lack of interest on the part of an orchestra. But the musicians seemed to be trying their best to make this an excellent performance. They succeeded. The solo trumpet was skillfully played by James Rante. The Great Gate of Kiev, the last section of Pictures was terrific. Maybe this was so because the orchestra played as loudly as they could, but it left the audience breathless. Ozawa was applauded for at least five minutes, and finally received a standing ovation, something rarely seen in Montreal.

E. A.

FILM TALK

by Brian Nevitt

Bitter Ash. One smokes one's marijuana green when unwilling to let the plant mature. The results of the immature makers of *Bitter Ash* certainly leave much to be desired. A green smoke will supplant hypersensitive fluid surrealism with a deadeningly grey and concrete reality; this student film replaces intelligent, coherent film language with utterly trite and pretentious work failing dismally to attain anything more than an orgasm occurring about four feet below the bottom of the screen.

Deadpan dealings like "If you don't understand me, who will?" are the order of the day. Every conceivable neurosis finds its statement in one of the sundry characters. The film quality is comparable to an old run-down beatnik coffee-house that has been converted into a bus-stop-waiting-station. It cost about \$5,000 to make — quite an expensive cigarette at that.

Marilyn (film in Cinemascope and Colour; 1963; Twentieth Century Fox; now playing at the Capitol Theatre).

Marilyn Monroe was sexy — we all know this; but what takes this pastiche of selections from M. M. films and a very dreary and uninspired commentary by Rock Hudson eighty minutes to express is that she was not just a sex-siren, but a fine and distinctive actress as well. However, it seems ridiculous that the extracts come only from the Fox studios. Was it really impossible for them to effect some sort of arrangement with other companies?

What do we see then? Among others — the famous stair scene from *All About Eve*; one from *Don't Bother to Knock* with Richard Widmark; a scene from *Monkey Business*, by Howard Hawks, where she is marvellous in an MG with Cary Grant; another from *Bus Stop* where she sings so badly "That Old Black Magic"; the nocturnal bathing scene from *Somebody's Got to Give*; and scenes from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (again by Hawks), *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* (by Billy Wilder). But undeniably missing are extracts from *Asphalt Jungle*, *Some Like It Hot*, *Let's Make Love*, and *The Misfits*.

We get neither a poem, a lyrical work to the glory of Marilyn, nor a real portrait complete in the biographical aspects analysing the myth. We would have had to see her first appearance in *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay*; it would have been necessary to show the famous cover-girl photos; it would have been necessary to talk of the men. Above all, it would have been necessary to make a film. What remains is the pleasure of again seeing certain known passages where Marilyn coincides with the ideal that she had always sought — to be at one and the same time the fabulous yet inaccessible dream princess and the good little woman with the smile of a lost child.

Stop the world — I want to get off

England may yet provide the rebirth of the musical comedy not through such offerings as Lionel Bart's imitations of the Broadway format (*Blitz* and *Oliver*) but through experiments like Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley's *Stop the World — I Want to Get Off*. The heights of the American musical theatre were reached by *My Fair Lady*, *West Side Story*, and *How to Succeed in Business*, etc., etc., shows which combined music, dance, drama, and visual effect in varying degrees; but they have particularly in common the creation of great illusion by great abundance of lavish, realistic detail. This detail often dwarfs the essential theme, though it certainly never obscures it.

Newley has a different approach. With a minimum of illusion through visual detail and an awesome inventiveness in the writing and directing, he bares the theme of *Stop the World*, making it the most lucid and important factor.

The set is a large circus tent, with a half-circle of bleachers facing the audience and reading out, at the mimed suggestion of the actors, to embrace the spectator as the other half and full participant of the play. The costumes are embellished rehearsal leotards and, in the case of the sole man, clown dress (simultaneously leaving no doubt that the play is a play and also commenting on the State of Man.) Moreover, the set and costumes do not represent the dress of the characters or pertain to the plot — the ultimately meaningless rise in business and life of Littlechap — and so they leave the realism to the imagination of the audience and give the theme the flexibility to include Man in general.

The beauty of this concept is that it works. It is evident almost immediately that the trappings are non-representational and the spectator, bless his surprisingly-intelligent, grossly-underestimated mind, believes, and responds!

The threshold being crossed, the imaginative scope of both audience and performer expands super-nova-like. Little-

chap's wife and three loves can be played by one woman without any loss of credibility and with added effectiveness both from the theatrical twist and from the condensing of all women into Woman. Lesley Stewart plays all four parts convincingly: her Evie is demure, implacable and English; her Russian stolid and sentimental; as Ilse, she is the *typische deutsche* shark; but best of all is her American Ginny, cute but pathetic and amazingly accurate of accent.

The chorus of girls is neutral and uncommitted and therefore free to take part, comment, support or set mood, by singing dancing, or merely milling about. They sing à la Heavenly host or as multiple An-

drews sisters, and there are some humorous bits of choreographic atmosphere, the portrayal of a factory or their expressionistic Rhine-maiden silhouettes. This is an exciting combination of Schubert, Franz Peter, and Schubert, Alley.

As Littlechap, Kenneth Nelson dominates the play. He is a plastic mimic, a strong singer and an excellent comic and vaudevillian. As an actor, he manages to make Littlechap grow in importance and still remain basically the little chap. And it is his whimsical plea to "stop the world" and ensuing addresses to the audience that keep the balance between obvious theatricality and the reality of the theme.

J. D. F.

Whimsical drama at Lantern Playhouse

LULLABY by Don Appell at the Lantern Playhouse. Cast:
Bellhop David Francis
Johnny Howard Ryshpan
Eadie Florence Schreiber
Mother Pauline Trehub

Lullaby, in accordance with the modern practice of making light fare of the serious, is billed as a comedy. As a comedy, about the effect of a domineering mother on her son's marriage, it has been done before, and better — as comedy. However, if one figures the infrequent laughs and treats the play as a whimsical drama, it has a great deal more value. Fortunately, this is the production concept that has been followed by the Lantern Players.

The story concerns Johnny and Eadie, two newlyweds, who are nearly as new to each other as they are to marriage, and Johnny's mother, who wants an annulment. For Johnny, not for herself.

Falling this, she resorts to a vaguely humorous form of guerrilla warfare, which is good for a few laughs, but love triumphs in the end, which probably accounts for the comedy label.

Howard Ryshpan, a particularly warm and likeable Johnny heads a small cast of distinctly professional calibre. Florence Schreiber, as Eadie, displays a thorough realization of her character, and manages the gradual maturation with a great deal of realism. Unfortunately, she loses sympathy occasionally but perhaps this is a fault in direction.

Pauline Trehub does what all before her have done with the standard character of the mother and, as usual, it works. David Francis, of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* fame, has shown himself to be a fine character actor and he plays the minuscule role of the bellhop quite well.

The direction, by Paul Swayze, concentrated more on pacing and stage business than interpretation and as a consequence left much to the actors, with consequent disorganization. However, the pacing and business do support the dialogue quite well, and a light breath of whimsy pervades the entire production.

CRAIG BARISH

"Sing at Christmas"

For a number of years now, the McGill Choral Society's *Sing at Christmas* has set the holiday season in motion in Montreal. This year's concert was held on Saturday December 7, with a matinee performance as an experiment.

The format was excellent. The first half of the program was divided into the Annunciation, the Prophecy, Bethlehem, the Manger, the Angel, the Heavenly Host, the Shepherds, the Adoration, the Presentation, Wisemen, Herod and The Flight into Egypt, each section being introduced by readings from the Gospels according to Matthew and Luke. These were given by foreign students in their native costumes. Of particular interest were those of Greece, Ghana, and The Philippines. The atmosphere was festive and colourful, though the inartistic mural behind the choir detracted from the total effect.

Gifford Mitchell is well-known to Montrealers as or-

ganist and choir director of St. James United Church, director of the Montreal Elgar Choir, and Supervisor of music for the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal, as well as the McGill Choral Society. He is obviously a dynamic leader, who, by force of his personality and love of his vocation, can compel devotion from those under his guidance. His program notes were very helpful in giving the background to each selection.

The Choral Society showed themselves capable of both powerful and subtle effects, achieving an often moving harmonization with the thought and words. In "A Babe Holds Court in Bethlehem", and "The Snow Lay on the Ground" balance and integration were successful, though "Masters in this Hall" showed the weak tenor and bass voices to be dominated by the sopranos. "The Little Drummer Boy" was infectious, but the higher notes were beyond the range of un-

trained voices, and the sopranos were periodically harsh. The students did not know the words to "The Three Drovers" very well, and their frequent reference to their music was distracting.

Throughout the performance, the organ accompaniment proved efficacious in adding depth. On the other hand, the piano was often irrelevant, indeed intrusive.

The Martlets directed by Frank Armstrong were a significant inclusion in the concert. These sixteen well-chosen voices were clearly differentiated yet complementary. They proved more manageable than the perhaps unwieldy larger group. Monique Manseau singing "The Carol of the Birds" in her strong pure voice was a highlight of the afternoon. "The Cradle Song of the Virgin" was well-executed and evocative.

The recital concluded with the Choral version of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite". Though sometimes a little flat, disjointed, and badly articulated, it was obviously the Society's favourite piece. And as with the rest of the program, executed with great spirit and enthusiasm. The club's efforts were commendable.

ANN RUEBOTTOM



Kenneth Nelson and Jennifer Allman in "Stop the World"

Canadian Choreographers' Dance Workshop

At last young Canadian choreographers will have the opportunity to express themselves. The idea of having a dance workshop is to offer choreographers and dancers the possibility of working and progressing in their chosen fields. La Boutique de l'Opéra, an intimate, black and red, hundred-seat theatre at 2111 Clarke, is the perfect place in which to experiment.

The night of the Canadian Choreographers' first performance at La Boutique, the house was filled with long-haired types, literally and figuratively. Mostly, they were people closely connected with the dance; many were friends and colleagues of the performers. The theatre is small enough so that the people in the front rows can hear the dancers puffing — giving them a feeling of empathy with the group.

The seven new ballets presented were of an extremely varied texture. The most effective ballet was *Adagio*. Michael Conte, choreographer, chose a seemingly difficult theme in the form of a quote by Ruysberg.

"Everyman has the immense desire to contribute to the tragic movements of life, acting as his own demon and torturing himself in the name of beauty, a beauty he cannot avow without the pain of eternal solitude."

He and Eva Von Genscy showed the conflict with feeling and skill; they performed tosses and lifts in sculpturistic, tabloid-like form to show man's inner turmoil. The applause and "Bravos" afterwards acclaimed this as the highlight of the evening.

The other ballets were modern and well done but too trite in movement and stage patterns. *La Vampire*, a dance based on the poem by Baudelaire was danced without fault by Yvonne LaFlamme. The choreography, by Michael Boudot, was too gymnastic, too coy.

Julio Piedra performed two standard Spanish dances. Alberto Megales, the guitarist now at the Spanish Club on Sherbrooke, accompanied him. There is no doubt that Megales is a polished, sensitive musician; the audience were more responsive to him than to most of the dances. *Kabuki Fanfare*, by Jack Foster, was a lovely and humorous combination of oriental and jazz movements. The viewers were very pleased with this experiment.

Michael Boudot is the director of the Canadian Choreographers' Workshop. He has spent the last seven years dancing in Europe with international companies and it is his hope that an interest in dance in Canada will grow from the Workshop. The next presentation, including a ballet based on a book by Sartre with music by Mingus, sounds intriguing.

M. K.

Poets to appear at new centre

John's Tomb, a new centre for the performing contemporary poet and avant-garde musician will be opening next week at 4256 St. Lawrence Blvd. just above Rachel.

Each weekend, in an informal atmosphere, poetry readings and lectures combined with concerts of contemporary and avant-garde music (using instruments never before heard in Canada) will be presented. The decor of John's Tomb is simple — there are no chairs, just rugs. Coffee will be available throughout the evening.

Among the poets who will be reading are Seymour Mayne, K. V. Hertz, Leonard Angel, and Henry Moscovitch. Leonard Cohen and Irving Layton may also make an appearance.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1963

Students master folk idiom

On Friday, November 29, the Folk Music Society successfully presented its first of two annual concerts; this one, at least, featuring student talent entirely.

First to perform was Elyse Weinberg, who chose two Bob Dylan songs, "Bob Dylan's Dream", and "Hard Rain Gonna Fall". Dylan's are songs with something to be said, and something to be said in the simplest and most forceful way. The primary need of one who sings his songs is not a strikingly beautiful voice, but a voice which is clear and forceful. In view of this, Miss Weinberg did well in choosing the songs she did. Aply supplying herself with a Dylan-style guitar accompaniment, she sang well, with an apparent understanding of what she was singing.

The Folk Society Choral Group, under the direction of Bill Kaufman, performed next. The group obviously comprised many good singers, despite the fact that they occasionally sounded unpolished. Nonetheless, it was a noble effort, and showing of very much promise. It is worthy of note that the arrangements used were the superb work of Bill Kaufman.

From a purist's viewpoint, Margaret Singleton was possibly the only person qualified to sing as a folk-singer. She had learned the Appalachian ballads she sung from her family, during her childhood in that part of the United States which has produced so many folk songs. She sang in a clear and simple voice, assisted by the guitar of Jack Kapica.

Michael Nerenberg and Perry Phillips displayed much ability as a pair of singers, instrumentalists, and pre-song comedians. Their performance was

smoothly executed, indicating careful preparation.

The Harmonica Trio proved to be quite enjoyable, and certainly a contrast in sound to the other performers. Each member played well, maintaining unity and harmony.

Sandy Pinsky contributed more to the internationality of the concert, with an Argentine ballad, an Israeli song, and a Fred Hellerman composition, "Man Come Into Egypt". Her voice carried well through the hall, and she accompanied herself on the guitar.

Richard and Roger made a very fine pair. Both displayed well-sounding and well-carrying voices, and the guitarist of the two proved to be a versatile master of the instrument. He played a very good Flamenco accompaniment, and easily switched to a blues guitar for Ewan MacColl's "Dirty Old Town".

Fran and Erica performed next, and presented a varied program — a spiritual blues, a Salvation Army hymn, and another Bob Dylan composition. They were enjoyable throughout, effective in the mock-seriousness of the hymn, and Erica supplied much color to the show. They appeared to be a pair of promising entertainers.

What was without doubt the climax of the evening came at the end. This was the appearance of the Mountain City Four. They chose five known songs, and their voices harmonized well, and maintained unity and balance. Not the least contribu-

tion to their impressiveness was their mastery of a variety of instruments, particularly that of Peter Weldon.

The audience was generally a good one, despite several singular instances of rudeness, which replacement emcee Elyse Weinberg saw fit to point out. It may be added that should Miss Weinberg once again emcee a concert, she should do so with slightly less commentary.
Dane Lanken

PANORAMA

Published every Friday by the McGill Daily at 690 Sherbrooke Street West. Panorama is a weekly review of entertainment in Montreal, incorporating both criticism and features.

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FLY CANADIAN - FLY TCA

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES  **AIR CANADA**

First Prize, Prose

Death and the Maiden

by Jack Klein

On a cold summer day in December, when the grass in the park had withered yellow and the air was blue with cold, he waited by the seals with his hands in his pockets. The air was so cold that it jingled. He knew that his earlobes would be red and his knuckles, and his nose and his chin; he hoped that they would not be noticeable.

Some mothers passed by and tickled their children with bothersome thoughts — he felt like a child. The seals barked and clouds flapped in the sky; he was clouds and seals. He was a red balloon, bursting. She was late and though he was bursting to see her, it was gentle and fervid to wait for her, expect her in every sound, mistake the trembling of the water for her laugh. Everything seemed mysteriously simple and immanent. He was a passing fancy of his own, an idle gesture. So far that day, he had not hated anyone.

He was waiting for her and he had not seen her for six months because he had been sick and away in the insane asylum. He looked at the park all withered yellow and brown, thinking that in a hundred years he would be able to remember himself standing by the seals, looking ahead at himself looking back.

Often he had moments when he felt that everything had happened once before in exactly the same way, but on that day the feeling did not leave him. Caught in the dream, he could do no wrong, like a dancer in the mind of God. Everyone whirled around him in their perfect orbits like stars. It was exactly perfect that a little boy should bend over and cry out, "Look, Mama, I found a tree." There were the seals and pigeons and still a few graying squirrels and a tiger that was beautiful and sleek as death,

striding around in his cage, looking for something to think about.

A seal splashed and the water laughed and his heart thrashed in his throat like a bird because he thought he heard her coming to meet him. While he was staring past the seals and the tiger, looking for her among the fallen leaves, she came striding across the park behind him, and he was dreaming he saw her when she put her hand softly on the nape of his neck and put her fingertips into the ends of his shaggy hair. He closed his eyes — he wanted to cry out but he was afraid that he would frighten her. He remembered her perfume as she tickled his ear; it reminded him of longing.

"I am afraid to turn around," he said, mocking himself, "if I turn, you will disappear again like Euridyce and I would be lost, halfway up from hell." He took her hand convulsively and ran across the park; they had not seen each other yet.

"Look at me," she cried as they ran, "Stop." His heart was beating in his ears. They stopped outside the tiger's cage but he did not look at her immediately; he was afraid he would be too happy.

"The tiger is melancholy," he said.

"Here I am," she said, her hand on the back of his neck again and her fingers in his long hair. "Here we are, look at me. I want to see you looking at me."

He turned and was astonished to see her standing there as if she were tangible. He laughed in surprise and made a funny face and shut his eyes. She laughed at both of them.

She said, "Come on, let's go on the Arthur J. Friedman Memorial Merry-go-round," exactly as she had in the dream. To him she was strange and magical.

The merry-go-round wound round and around and fantastic organ music spiraled from its

blues, red, yellows, green, sounding to him like Bach subtly and murderously altered by destroying the mathematical certainties with recurring decimals. He was frightened.

The horses galloped past him and slowed down and when he got on board the world whirled past him in the opposite direction and the horses stood still, going up and down. Then the music began to circle round in the opposite direction from the spinning world sounding rancid and deformed, and she sat smiling on a white horse with her dark hair flowing behind her and calling to him, "You know, love, it's funny about this music. It sounds so gay and weird to us now but it could sound like the voice of hell if we heard it alone or in the rain," and he nodded dumbly and thought, "Oh God."

As they walked through the park the sun struck twelve and she asked him, "Are you back for good, now?"

"For better or for worse," he said. "Forever."

"There's going to be a party at Gloria's tonight. Will you come?"

He wanted to say, "Of course," but he just shrugged. He loved her huge eyes, brown as the centres of sunflowers. He wanted to take her hand while they walked, but his arms seemed long enough to scrape the ground.

She said, "You've lost a lot of weight. You're as thin as me."

"I forget to eat a lot," he said, miserably. He watched her hand swinging by her side and wondered.

"You look very handsome," she said. He shrugged; he felt queasy and trapped like some predatory moth. He began to despise her hands. He wondered why he wanted to touch her, and if he did, would she think him too forward and if not, too backward. Then, when they stepped off the curb, she took his hand unconsciously and he was touched and said, "I like your lace hands."

They ate lunch in an inexpensive restaurant and she had a martini but he drank nothing. He was vague throughout lunch and sometimes he would smile suddenly at her and she would smile back at him and wonder what caused him to smile. Once he broke out laughing and she couldn't help laughing too he seemed so funny and she asked him, "Why did you laugh?"

He said, "There was a man at the asylum who thought he was Ezra Pound." She laughed and he was glad that he made her laugh.

All afternoon they shopped about Madison Avenue and she bought him a book of poems by Emily Dickinson and he wanted to give her something as precious to him as she was. He knew most men give their lives to their women and come home every day at five-thirty; he knew that, but did not know how to live slowly, with trust. He wanted to give her all his life at once. Finally he bought her an old, used book of the Arthurian legends and the Songs of Innocence and Experience by Blake, after standing before shelves of books that he loved

in despair, unable to decide what to give her, if he could not give her everything.

She was happy with the books but he feared approximations. On the flyleaf of the Arthurian legends she found written tidily in a corner,

"Penny Dankoff,
712 Park Avenue, apt 5,
Manhattan."

and scrawled across the page,

"Penny,

On your 16th birthday, in my 18th year, I love you now forever. I pity the whole world that they are neither you nor me. Last night I dreamed that we died in each other's arms.

Seymour Weingarten

She was happy that her book had been dedicated to love but he was afraid to ask her what had happened to love that it ended in the fiasco of selling this book for money. She wondered who Penny Dankoff was and he wondered what happened to her and Seymour and love, frailest of delusions.

They went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and wandered through rooms full of old centuries and she asked him, "Do you still imagine things, like your mother is Virgin Mary or that your janitor is Goebels?"

"No," he said, "I don't even imagine that I am Sir Lancelot, I have no more dragons; I am bereaved and bereft of mysteries."

When they came out of the museum the sun struck ten past four and they went into the park behind the museum. She showed him a tree, where one day when he was away and writing her letters from the asylum full of strange animals and cryptic dwarfs, she cut their initials in the bark and wondered how the tree, by growing,

would spread their names apart. The letters had almost been filled in by new bark. They sat down on the grass at the foot of their tree and she put her head in his lap and said, "A Penny Dankoff for your thought."

"Life is a castrated spider," he said, seriously, with mourning.

She laughed at him. "Life is a bowl of waxed cherries," she said.

He laughed, "Life is the droppings of fire engines."

"Life is a casket of sighs," she said.

"You are life," he said.

"You are life," she said.

Once again his dream seemed to come alive and they were moving in a madrigal where everything happened as once before, very long ago. The sun danced madly in her hair, sparkling tiny blue and purple flames. "Your hair is on fire," he said.

Then they walked through the park; he felt like a fly on water. She ran before him among the trees; he felt he was upside down, walking on the sky. He looked down and saw clouds and she was laughing at a tree.

And then, suddenly he wanted so much to die in her arms and for her to die in his arms, round and round to music.

Later, when neither of them was looking, the sun seesawed down and the moon seesawed up. Gloria opened the door and was surprised to see them together like old times. He recognized many faces and there were many that were new. Lionel fixed him a drink. He tried to remember something similar that happened long ago but could not. When people spoke to him, using his name, he flinched.

(Continued on page 19)

First Prize, Poetry

Canada

by Schoel Shuster

There is nothing to say
really:

No one feels a part of it:
The dullness?

Perhaps, or
because no one feels a part of anything
anymore.

O we can make
reference to some vague
notions — like bilingual

isms & street signs in Montreal,
dope in Vancouver,
trains in Winnipeg,
and Toronto
(on Sundays)

and snow, snow, snow,
lovely falling...

trees

"Hey Ma, come and see the—"—don't open the window—"—
WHOOSH!

but perhaps that's
what this world needs —
nations that won't start wars.

McGILL DAILY

Literary Contest Results
Prose Section

FIRST:

"Death and the Maiden" by Jack Klein

SECOND:

"The Fool" by Leonard Angel

THIRD:

"Moonshots" by Bill Brender

HONOURABLE MENTION:

"The First Christmas" by Christine Davidson

"The Concert-Master" by Marilyn Kalman

"Prodigal" by Tyndale W. Martin

Poetry Section

FIRST:

"Canada" by Schoel Shuster

SECOND:

"11:30 PM POEM" by Seymour Mayne

THIRD:

"Hello, I Said" by Francie Roback

HONOURABLE MENTION:

"For Dorothy, Age 16" by Sidney Aster

"Relief" by Martin Green

"Kyrie Eleison" by Tyndale Whitfield Martin

"Zion" by Stephen Smith

"Perfection" and "To the Unholiest of the Unholiest"

by J.A. Weiss

Due to lack of space some stories and poems which received Honourable Mention could not be printed in this issue, but will appear in later issues of the Daily.

Second Prize, Prose

The Fool

by Leonard Angel

—No my dear. It's necessary for me to get my hands on that piece of land; if I can break his chain, with that strip, I can make a fortune; we could live like kings. Ha, and you'd have me miss out on a chance like this!

Mr. Grossman rose, placing his fat hands squarely on the arms of his cushioned chair. His wife walked over to the big window at the end of the room, and watched for a second how in the patch of lamplight before her the thick snowflakes seemed pushed to the ground by the wind.

—I wish it would stop snowing.

—Let it snow. What should we care.

Mrs. Grossman turned abruptly from the window and crossed in front of the coffee-table with the red jewels sunk deeply in its wood. She knew that her husband could not tell when she felt hurt or sorry. When could he?

—Maxwell, I can't fight with you.

—Nor can you fight with the snow.

—Have it your way. I invited Shimmy and the family for the evening.

—You did? But... I'm not ready yet. I have to call Bistrice, I have to fix things.

—Fix things! You have time. But let me tell you, I'm opposed to this as never before.

—Not even as with the Urban Development? And how did that go? Was my prediction wrong?

—Shimmy is your flesh and blood.

She said that plaintively, and approached him, recalling those times when his black eyes were not menacing, as now.

—Shimmy is Shimmy and I'm me. Stop moralizing, and fix something for them to eat. You know we never got along.

Mr. Grossman was greying; his stocky European build mixed strangely with the savageness of his hairs, and made him look at times like some sort of civilized beast. Now his brutish face was filled with malignant antipathy and shrewdness at once. To hear him talk, one wondered how he had acquired his kind of speech, which was an unusual combination of Eastern European accents, crudities, and constructions which, rendered into English, come out wrong — on the one hand — and, on the other, refined and elegant American idioms.

His wife left the room and he began to move about. There was the expensive unit in the corner, that served as a bar, with three bookshelves above it; a small round table, Louis XIV style, which was directly under a poor copy of The Good Samaritan, by Rembrandt; a couch; the low coffee-table in the centre of the long floor; and assorted bric-a-brac and flower vases more or less everywhere.

—Caesar! he muttered under his big lips. Margaret!

—Yes? she replied, from the kitchen.

—Never mind, he said, after a while.

And he took from the shelf a book which he had brought from the drugstore, called "Death Has A Smiling Face",

and began strumming on its cover, as was his habit of late.

—Margaret, did you tell them why you were inviting them? he said suddenly.

—I told them we wanted to see the grandchildren.

Mr. Grossman put the book on top of the bar, and said mechanically, Yes, the grandchildren... Did you say anything about the land?

—Nothing.

He walked across the room and sank into his chair.

—Good, he said, Then I won't call Bistrice, there's no need to.

Margaret Grossman had returned to the living room.

—What if Shimmy won't agree to give you the land?

She placed a tray upon the coffee table, and, turning to do so, let him catch a glimpse of the thin scar which ran from her hairline half-way down her forehead.

—Oh, but he shall.

—Your "business technique", as you say.

Mr. Grossman felt flattered at what he thought to be a great concession to him. He did so dislike the messy business of constantly having to scrap with his wife, he kept saying to himself.

His wife looked up at him.

—Must you assume that air every time we discuss such affairs? she said, and coughed loudly.

—Am I? — affected, I mean? If there's anything I'm against it's personal falsity, you know.

—Oh? she answered, indifferent.

She took a step back and exclaimed at her own deftness:

—There now.

Her husband eyed her, and then, as if making a sudden and important decision, asked her if she would change for the guests.

—My housecoat is no longer sufficient to greet my only son with? she replied coldly. Maybe, she continued, you'll put on a tuxedo for your grandchild?

Mr. Grossman felt the injustice of these words and retreated to the corridor. There for a second or two he stood stupidly, with a blank grin across his face.

—Max, she said, seeing him from the back, You look disturbed.

He did not reply. He only walked to the vestibule and opened the front door.

—Still snowing? she asked upon hearing the door click.

—Yes, still snowing.

Outside, the whirling white made strange patterns in the darkness; as if the darkness was a vast rag, and the flakes were ripping it to shreds. Only in the lamplight did those shapes become clear. And this was one of those nights which evoke in even the most callous of people, among whom Mr. Grossman must be counted, an incommunicable mood, whereby memories of old blood, old deeds, and old occasions are resurrected, and like chilly undercurrents brought to the tops of warm lakes, appear on the placid surface of one's consciousness.

—Max, it isn't like you to stare so.

No reply. He could now perceive four forms approaching his house through the storm.

—I see them, he said, quite undisturbed. Yes, it's them: Shimmy, the two boys, and Esther. Esther! he called through the snow. How good of you to come in this weather. And Shimmy! Haven't seen you in a long time. We should get together more often, really we should — come in. And how are you, Michael and Joel?

Margaret Grossman hugged her son tightly, and bid them warm up.

Shimmy, you're looking well, said Mr. Grossman.

Shimmy went towards the living room with his wife. His mother had taken their coats.

—Do you know, Esther, said Mr. Grossman, your boys have grown so much since I last saw them. Why, look at Joel. Who'd believe he's only six?

Esther placed the palm of her hand on Joel's head.

—He's seven, she said.

Mr. Grossman did not listen, but jaunted into the living room and sat down in the big chair, calling out:

—Margaret, dear, do come in and have a — seat, Then, turning to Esther he said, She always fusses too much, I tell her. No?

Michael looked delighted with his grandfather's exuberance.

—And how old is Michael, tell me? asked Mr. Grossman.

—He's six, said Shimmy.

—Ah, yes, yes yes. Shimmy, perhaps I can give you some whisky?

Mr. Grossman sensed that his son wanted to be persuaded into a drink. Anyhow, it would suit his purposes.

—To warm your cold bones, maybe? Huh?

Shimmy rose and went to the bar; but it made him feel awkward to see everyone's face, titled towards him.

—What have you got? he said, at last.

—How about some cherry brandy?

Shimmy nodded.

—Just help yourself.

At that moment Mrs. Grossman came back in. Her small, wrinkled face possessed those aquiline features her son had evidently inherited from her, but the resemblance ended there. For standing beside Shimmy she seemed dwarfishly reduced, and age had added to her cheeks and neck coarse folds of skin, and it had robbed her of the erectness of youth. Esther had often asked herself how it was possible for such a little woman to bring forth such a big man.

Shimmy fixed a glass for himself, and asked his father if he wanted any.

—Yes, but not too much, answered his father.

No one spoke while Shimmy poured the brandy into the crystal glass. When he had delivered the drink, the old man gulped it down at once, then called out to Joel, who was unconsciously tugging at his mother's skirt.

—Joeley, come here a second. You like visiting your grandparents, hah?

Joel advanced across the room as if he was waiting for the floor to suddenly give way under him, or the huge man before him to lunge out, or the

chandelier to fall and crash at his feet.

—Hah?

The boy nodded.

—Ya, well you be a good boy, and you know what happens?

Joel shook his head. His mother had been watching this with impatient pride, though Shimmy and Mrs. Grossman looked indifferent.

—You know what happens?

—Your grandfather gives you some money.

And the old man pulled a fifty-cent piece from his vest, and gave it to the boy.

—And you divide that with your brother.

The boy thanked him and ran back to show it to Michael.

The pause that followed reminded the old man that he had some business to conduct.

—Shimmy? he brought out from the bottom of his throat, at length.

—Yes, pa?

—Your mother didn't tell you when she called, but there's certain things I'd like to discuss with you. Come.

Mr. Grossman strained a bit, and lifted himself from the chair.

—Come, he continued, Margaret, we're going out for a while, Shimmy and I, we won't be long, we'll simply take some fresh air.

—In this weather?

Shimmy evidently had wanted some air, for he said sharply, A little snow on the cap never hurt anybody, Ma.

—Don't be foolish Shimmy. Here it's a blizzard outside, who knows how cold, you've just come in, and you want to get out again. I don't understand you.

Old Mr. Grossman, who was waiting by the door, glanced harshly at his wife.

—Come Shimmy, he said, let's be off. Your coat's in the closet.

* * *
Outside, the snow had hardly let up. They walked from the

quieter residential street where the old man lived to one of the city's most crowded boulevards, but a few blocks away. There one could see Greek signs posted on the stores; the occasional Chinese laundry; sailors in their billowing white and black uniforms who, having recently docked in the nearby harbour, were out to find women, and to get drunk; Parisians with blue berets and odoriferous pipes; and orthodox Jews with their long beards and dark sidelocks curiously lit up by the yellow lights. Now and then one came across some shabby old man, perhaps lame, who had always managed to scrape up enough old pennies to prolong his misery another night; and, till about ten o'clock, there were kids running to catch their parents, playing hide-and-seek behind the lamp-posts, or, if it had fallen, gathering fresh snow with which to make snowballs and hurl them at ugly ladies and passing cabs.

When Mr. Grossman dropped a dime into the rusty cup that a beggar whose both legs had been amputated provided; Shimmy broke the silence that had hung over them since their leaving the house.

—Getting generous in your old age, pa? he asked.

—Maybe I am, Shimmy, replied Mr. Grossman.

Mr. Grossman knew that to settle things with his son the way he wanted to would take some difficult maneuvering. Bistrice, he knew, would let him get away with nothing; after all, was he doing anything other than saving that shrewd coot a bit of time and energy?

—Shimmy, Mr. Grossman continued, picking up the conversation, Shimmy, let me put it fair and square.

—Go ahead.

—I'm past sixty now. A year or two, I'll be sixty-five. Right?

—Yes, yes, go ahead.

(Continued on page 18)

Second Prize, Poetry

11:30 P.M. Poem

by Seymour Mayne

City, under my feet
below this window sill —
your siren cars
like bugs
dart for protection.

Your neon sizzles across my glasses
red & red & more red:
glossed jungle fruits
swinging in & out of shadows.

Yet your traffic lights blink
as if waiting...
waiting for the negroid trains
of dusk to jump their tracks?
— their heated lungs puffing

in rhythm to hidden tomtoms —
to rip around
empty greyboned corners like extracts
from streamlined nightmares,
then halt & fill phosphorescent
bellies with scurring Jonahs:
All aboard! All aboard!
—Your pyjamaed inhabitants, City,
fling themselves onto the last cabooses!

Now leave you still:
a mechanical toy
after store closing-hours
—but for this watchman...
tinkering...

Third Prize, Prose

Moonshots

by Bill Brender

"Woodie! Woodie, are you awake yet? Answer me."

"Be a good brother and let me sleep. It's still early."

"You have to get up right now. There's a spider on your pillow."

"Then take it off."

"I'm afraid of spiders."

"C'mon, Davey, you know very well you're fooling."

"Honest, I'm not. It's getting ever so close to your ear."

"Look, why don't you — hey!" Woodrow sprang out of bed and stood beside his five year old brother. Their attention was fixed on a stately spider making its way across his pillow. "Of all the... Davey, quick! Get me a piece of paper so I can grab it."

"Yow! What kind?"

"Any kind. Newspaper. Found any?"

"Here."

"You couldn't have made it a little bigger, eh? Oh, well, here goes." With considerable repugnance Woodrow captured the spider in the patch of newspaper and transported it at arm's length to the toilet.

Woodrow was now thoroughly awake. He washed and dressed, then supervised Davey's toilet. He was his younger brother's guardian while their parents were in Europe. Befitting a liberal arts student, he tried to be a tutor no less than a nurse-maid to his brother. He read Davey tales from Greek and Roman mythology over orange juice and porridge, Frost and Sandburg over milk and cookies. He interested his brother in language, euphonic words and sang him old English folk songs (his favourite was "Strawberry Fair"). Although the neighbors had expressed good natured envy and all the other appropriate sentiments to Woodrow's parents on learning of their proposed excursion, they nevertheless had misgivings about the idea of leaving Davey in Woodrow's exclusive care. Had Woodrow not suffered some kind of mental collapse on the eve of his examination schedule? In addition, it seemed to them that he was somewhat introverted and much too bookish for his own good.

"What'll we do, today, Davey?" Woodrow asked. They had finished breakfast in the course of which Woodrow had head aloud "The Rape of Persephone and Why the Seasons Change". "How about the park? We can chase butterflies or you can play on the apparatus..."

"Okay. Let's go. But we'll let them go, eh?"

"Let what go? Oh, the butterflies? Sure. But you don't know how to say butterfly in French."

"I do so."

"How?"

"Le papillon."

"Right."

"And can we get some licorice on the way back?"

"Sure." Davey ran ahead while Woodrow walked at a leisurely pace. He would catch up when Davey stopped to admire a caterpillar with unusual markings or to drop a handful of gravel through a sewer grid.

"We forgot to bring a jar to catch the butterflies with," reflected Davey.

"We can catch them in our hands or... in air pockets. Yes, air pockets are just the thing, because that way the butterflies won't get injured."

"I never heard of catching butterflies in air pockets, whatever they are."

"You'll see." It was a beautiful May morning, the merry month of May. Woodrow recalled a line of poetry by some campus poet containing the phrase "the homosexual sun". Its meaning eluded him completely. He concluded that it was ridiculous.

"Hey, there's Jean-Luc," cried Davey as they reached the park. "I'm going to ask him if he wants to play with me. Where are you gonna be, Woodie?"

"Around here, I guess. Over by the benches probably, okay?" Woodrow had a slim book with which he planned to pass the time. He had a choice of two benches, one occupied by a girl, attractive after the American fashion, with a child at her feet; the other vacant. As Woodrow approached the vacant bench, the girl looked up and appraised him briefly, but thoroughly, he remarked. She, on her part, was impeccably groomed and clothed in the very latest styles. She began to hum idly to herself as she sensed Woodrow's gaze upon her. With studied nonchalance she unfolded and installed under her chin a cardboard sun reflector. Her eyes closed languidly and her countenance froze into a mask of mild rapture. Woodrow had been willed out of existence. "Lego ergo sum", he said, half-aloud, in retaliation and opened his book.

"Pardon?... did you say something?"

"Uh, well, no." He was surprised at her sudden restoration of his being.

"You go to Benton, don't you? You were a junior or a senior, I think. Right?"

"Senior. I guess you go there, too, eh? What year you in?"

"Second. So you've graduated, then. By the way, I'm Judy Shane." Woodrow went up to her and took her hand.

"I'm Woodie Wellman." She withdrew hers after an instant. "No. I didn't graduate. To tell the truth, my academic future is quite uncertain. I didn't write one final exam this year."

"Oh! What happened? Were you ill?"

"Not exactly. The doctor told my parents I had suffered a nervous breakdown. What a brilliant diagnosis. I simply reached the point where I couldn't stand the whole thing, so I said the hell with it and didn't write an exam. I'm interested in scholarship, not cramming marathons."

"I don't see why, of all times, you had to get temperamental at the end of your last year. You'll be sorry if you don't get your degree, because you'll have nothing after four years at college."

"Yours?" Woodrow asked, abruptly, pointing to the child at Judy's feet.

"Yes. My baby sister. Isn't she a doll? My boy friend's going to law school next year. He just received his notice of acceptance. He's wanted to be

a lawyer as far back as high school and now..."

"You're proud of him, eh?"

"You're darn right."

Judy's sister, attracted by a group of school girls who were skipping and chanting rhythmically a short distance away, began to crawl towards them. She cleared her path by eating the small obstructions — grass tufts, twigs and peddles — lying along the way.

"No treasure, no precious, spit out," Judy called, not moving from the bench. "God, I'm glad I don't have to do this often."

"What?"

"Mind her. My mother's at the beauty parlour till 3. It'll probably be five before she's home. This sitting around watching her drives me crazy. It's a bloody bore." Woodrow's attention wandered to the chanting which was easily audible from where they sat.

Ma mère a acheté trois

[cochons,

Un qui put,
Un qui pet,
Un qui fume des cigarettes.

"Do you hear what they're saying?" he asked Judy with delight. "Did you understand what they said?"

"Something about pigs."

"Woodie, Woodie, I've found gold!" Davey's voice followed quickly by his person intruded suddenly. "I've just made a most serendipitous find. I was looking for our ball and I found these rocks. See that shiny yellow? That's gold."

"Could be. Have you ever seen gold?"

"No. But this sure looks like it. Jean-Luc and I are gonna gather up as much as we can find."

"Your brother, eh? He looks like you."

"Yes."

"What did he say? He made a serendipitous find?"

"How do you like that? I taught him that word about a week ago."

"I better get my sister before they trample her."

"Do you know that verse they're skipping to? Translating freely, it means, my mother has bought three pigs. One stinks, one — I don't know how to put this delicately — uh, emits anal air, one smokes cigarettes. Marvellous!" Woodrow pulled a note book from his pocket and began to write in it.

"I think you're mad. Baby! Stay near Doodee. Don't crawl away... So what are your plans, Woodie? What are you going to do?"

"I haven't made any plans. Maybe I'll become a folk singer."

"Really? I love folk music. The Kingston trio are my favourite."

"The Kingston trio is not..."

"Sing something, okay? I'd like to hear your voice. And it'll help pass the time."

"All right. Let's see, now. Yes. Here's a comic song:"

* * *

A lawyer there once was

[we'll call Mr. Clay,

He had but few clients and

[they didn't pay,

At length, of starvation, he

[grew so afraid,

That he courted and married

[a wealthy old maid,
Hoodle dang foh dee di do,
Hoodle dang foh dee day.

* * *

"Very funny. Do you know any others?"

"Of course. Let me finish this one, though. This is called 'Waly-waly'."

When cockle shells turn

[silver bells,

Then will my love return

[to me.

When roses blow in winter

[snow,

Then will my love return

[to me.

Oh waly-waly, a love is

[bonny a little while,

When it is new.

But love grows older and

[waxes colder

And vanishes like morning

[dew.

"Hey, that's cute. You've got a very melodious voice. Oh, look at me. This damn bench we're sitting on is filthy. My Jamaica must be black. Are they very dirty in the seat?"

"No. Here, let me —"

"It's okay, thanks. I can dust them off myself. I better get going, I think. It's lunch time and I have to get her something to eat. Am I ever looking forward to that! I don't even know where to take her. We could go to Bowman's or... no, they're too expensive. I don't want to spend more than my mother gave me for lunch. It's too hard to get back." Judy began to gather up her belongings which were spread about on the bench — a large tan leather bag with great hoops for handles, a number of women's magazines, Franny and Zooey, sunglasses, sun reflector and a box of pink Kleenex. When these were settled in the carrier area of the stroller, she lifted her sister and seated her carefully, fitting all the arms and legs through the correct straps and openings. The child accepted the transplanting good-naturedly, although she hammered at the metal frame which enclosed her as though contemptuous of its ability to contain. "Okay, baby?" Judy straightened, tugged downward on the legs of her Jamaica shorts, smoothed her blouse and completed a whole series of brisk, automatic preening gestures essential to neatness.

"Bye, now, Woodie. Hope to hear you on records, soon. Nice meeting you and tell your kid brother to stay cute." Woodrow smiled good-bye and continued

to follow her with his eyes. Then he opened his book, but shut it again. It did not interest him. Seeking out a bit of shade, he lay down on the grass and with his book and arm as pillow, fell asleep. It was not a deep sleep, for the children's cries, the creaking of the park apparatus and the hardness of his bed all conspired to trouble it. He began to dream. He was back at university, downstairs in the Arts Building, waiting in line at the beverage dispensing machine. There was a group of three of four vending machines side by side, and across them all was the sign DO NOT TRY TO BEAT THE MACHINE AND THE MACHINE WILL NOT BEAT YOU. Two students were ahead of Woodrow — Judy and her boy friend. The boy friend selected coke on the dial. He slipped his ten cent piece into the slot and waited. An empty cup slid cheerily down a chute, presented itself upright and sparkling under the automatic spout and received a full measure of grateful liquid. The law student removed his cup with satisfaction and stepped aside. With the pride of a green grocer serving his best to his two star customers, the machine performed identically for Judy. She stepped aside. Woodrow confronted the machine next and the multi-coloured lights glared in his face. He pulled a handful of change from his pocket and found only quarters. He inserted one in the slot and awaited his drink and fifteen cents. The machine gave forth a brief electronic hum and nothing more. With mounting annoyance at the silence, Woodrow began to push the buttons, both functional and spurious, of which there was no lack. Still nothing. Feeling profoundly helpless and stupid, he began to kick the machine. The noise attracted students in great numbers. They formed a ring around him and stared, their eyes full of reproach. His perturbation reached such unendurable heights as occur only in dreams, and he awoke. He was a little while in regaining his senses, and then he noticed he was awash with sweat. Davey stood before him. "Let's go home. I'm hungry."

"Yeah, okay... Where's your gold?"

"We buried it. We're gonna take it home when no one's around. It's precious, you know."

Third Prize, Poetry

Hello, I Said

by Francie Roback

Hello

I said hello, didn't I.

And I almost didn't see you passing

I almost missed you.

But I am safe now now you are standing on my shadow
And everything will be the same.

Won't everything be the same?

I haven't changed

But yes you didn't see me you turned the other way as I passed
But I said hello.

I said hello and I have spoken to you.
The gulf will be filled the rift will be bridged

Won't everything be the same?
You are touching me.

You are standing on my shadow.

Please.

The Fool...

—So that means I can't be too active any more. And you know yourself that the only pleasure that can be left is in the family. To see you happy, to see Esther and the kids, to see everybody happy — that's all I want; and I'd do anything to be sure that there is someone to keep alive my name, — I shall speak very frankly with you.

The old man flung his head back jerkily, and hoarsely cleared his throat. Shimmy sniffed into the air, and brushed some snow off his sleeves.

—Now you and Esther have two children already, — bless them — and more will be coming. Fair and correct to say that?

—Certainly. Shimmy impatiently raised his brow.

—How shall I say it? Already you must find your surroundings not suitable. Not near a school, not a big flat, not near any centre, not near shopping. Right? I know those places. I lived around there myself. I even moved out of there a few years after you were born, for the reasons I'm giving you.

—Father, broke in Shimmy that my house is — no good for me I know. As a matter of fact —

—Exactly, he interrupted. That's what I want to talk to you about. Let me test my memory: you bought the land, seven years ago, at eleven thousand dollars; the house, thirty-thousand. Now people are all moving out of the district, and the land is devaluated pretty much. If you tried selling it, you think you could get altogether thirty-three thousand for it now?

—Probably.

—But no more. Correct Shimmy? Mr. Grossman rubbed his eyes.

—Probably — no more.

—And you agree that the more you wait, the worse it'll be.

Mr. Grossman interrupted himself to hand a quarter to the blind organ grinder at a congested corner. All through this exchange his eyes were busily darting about, taking in the lavish colours of the streets, while those of his son were fixed upon the ground.

Mr. Grossman's shoulders were being padded with snow, so that

he began to look like an officer with white tufts atop his uniform, and the flakes were scattered over his chest like so many silver medals. Shimmy, though, was all white, like a statue.

—Now, continued Mr. Grossman, what I propose to do is this: I shall be willing to accept the land at a price of thirty-four thousand dollars, and take upon myself the responsibility of getting it off my hands — even if it is as a loss. Understood? I want so much to see you settled properly. I cannot rest until I am convinced that you, my only son, and your family, are being taken care of. We can sign if you like, as soon as we get home again. There should be nothing to prevent you from making this move. You could have a month or two to get just the place you need. What could be better?

Shimmy was beginning to find his father's rasping voice irritating.

—It's getting cold, he said, Shall we hail a cab?

* * *

Meanwhile, Mrs. Grossman had been conversing with her daughter-in-law at home; the boys were playing in the kitchen.

—Ach, exclaimed the old Mrs. Grossman, So much work! Fixing, bothering, arranging.

—We're not disturbing you, are we? asked Esther, looking up at her mother-in-law.

—Now, it's just I'm feeling tired today.

The dim light that the lamp cast was playing with her features, darkening her heavy eyelids and the lines under them. Her fingers began to look stubby; her small body seemed too weighty to be graceful. And since the lamp was low and she was still taller than it, witchlike shadows spread across her face as she stood beside the coffee-table.

—Come, she said wearily, let's have a look at what your boys are doing.

Esther went into the kitchen. Mrs. Grossman remained to gather her dishes onto the tray.

—Why does grandma not give us money like grandfather, asked Michael when he saw his mother.

—Shh, Esther brought out softly.

(Continued from page 16)

And Joel stepped out to his mother and said with his flat little voice, Ma, how did grandmother get her scar?

—I don't know, dear.

Mrs. Grossman entered the room and left the tray near the sink.

—Mother, began Esther, I think we shall be moving soon.

—Oh?

—I think to another city.

Mrs. Grossman perked up suddenly.

—What's this?

—Oh, perhaps not for some time yet. But Shimmy and I have decided that it would be best for us to go somewhere else. We are waiting for some opportunity to come, just something so that we can save several thousand dollars up, then sell our house.

Mrs. Grossman backed into a chair, and, as if collapsing, let herself fall into it. She nervously picked up a salt shaker off the table and began pouring some grains into her hand. Realizing the absurdity of this action, she grimaced, and spilled the salt upon the floor.

—Grandma?

—Yes, my little jewel.

—How did you get your scar?

Mrs. Grossman ran her finger down the scar.

—I...

But at that moment the doorbell rang. Esther opened it in time to see the yellow cab skid away into the night. Father and son entered sombrely, despite the freshness they carried with them from the nippy cold.

—Well?

Mr. Grossman was startled to find everyone so mute.

—No one's been buried — Why the silence?

—There's no silence, Esther said. Shimmy, she continued, I was just telling your mother about our plans.

They all went into the living room.

Mrs. Grossman sat down in the middle of the couch. Her husband, moving to sit down beside her, on the far side, whispered in her ear as he passed.

—It's all done, like I said.

There was an awkward pause. Mrs. Grossman began to sweat over her scar; a weird look of anxiety filled her eyes. How strange it was to see the tiny woman, worn and wrinkle, so earnest, but so helpless.

—Yes, said Mr. Grossman, his fat hand on his chest, we have done it. And a wise decision too, was it not? Esther, you picked yourself a fine husband — a fine husband who knows a good deal when he sees it. Must have gotten his business sense from me, huh, — huh, Margaret?

For lack of any better reaction she nodded; but her heavy head, especially her ugly mouth bore her reluctance and regret. Could she do any better? she comforted herself. Seeing her as broken as she was now, Mr. Grossman knew that she could not.

—You shall finally be out of that awful district you're in, he said, and went on to explain to his daughter-in-law what had passed.

Several minutes later they were agreed and ready to sign. With much eagerness, and the strangest delight, Mr. Grossman watched the inscription inexorably produce itself on the paper, guided, as he thought, by his son's stupidity.

It was very late. Shimmy was growing tired, and gathering his

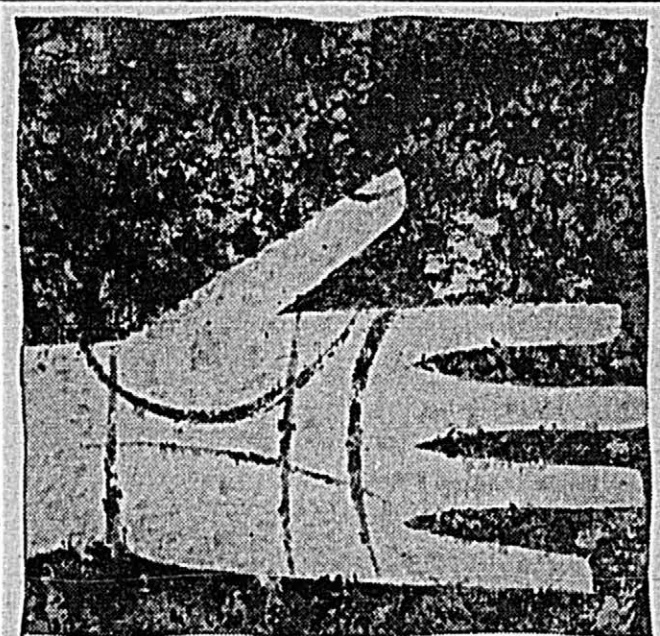
family together, with the excuse that his children should have been asleep hours before, he left his parents to themselves.

The old man saw his son out, and returning, mumbled something faintly to himself. His very flesh seemed to have changed suddenly, changed so that he appeared vicious, cowardly, altogether unfeeling. Looking into the living room, he noticed that the floor was bare, the whole place empty, and saw the tiny figure of his wife, who had dozed off on the

couch was dwarfed in the large room.

Once again he walked over to the window. He could see nothing now through the black outside, just the pounding white, the chunks of snow thrashing against the ground. His footsteps disturbed the slumbering woman, and she stared up at him, blankly, and mumbled something barely audibly under her breath.

—Don't be a fool, was his reply to those cold, bitter, and defeated words.



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Honourable Mention, Poetry

Relief

by Martin Green

Oh to be nude,
to feel the relief of freedom.

To wander as through silk,
in adornment of rejoicing.

To be but an angel,
in everlasting flight.

The sight of a shepherd,
the strength of a lioness.

The will of a serpent,
in the needs of confusion.

Oh to be free in
nudity,
everlasting, everlasting, everlasting.

Death and the Maiden... (Continued from page 15)

Some of his old friends came up and asked him how he was. He shrugged. Lionel introduced him as 'the last of the great lovers' to some of the people he did not recognize and he did not see the joke. The dream was slipping from him and he was suddenly afraid that if he could not remember what came next, nothing could happen.

Laughter kept distracting him until he became confused and forgot what he was thinking about. She was standing in the corner talking to Lionel and she looked much sadder in the lamplight. He listened to some women who were talking about suicide. One of them exhaled two long streams of smoke from her nostrils and he listened to them discuss the two suicides which take place every day in New York. She was still watching him from the corner and heard him interrupt and say, "As long as there is the possibility of suicide, it's not necessary to commit it, but as soon as they deprive me of the solace of imminent death, I must commit suicide immediately, and as

soon as I begin, I can stop, because I've recreated the possibility. Only when I can't, I must — a paradox."

The ladies at first looked surprised to hear him talk but when he was finished, they asked him questions about his religious beliefs. He did not answer them though; he just stood there, scowling, as if he were trying to remember something.

Lionel fixed him another drink to loosen him up. She came over to him, looking so different in the lamplight, softer and full of shadows. "Love is hate," he said. He was somewhat dizzy; it seemed he could hear the swirling music of the merry-go-round in his ears. Lionel said, "You look like you have a bad case of wobbles," and when she laughed he was fanatically jealous and angry and hurt and tormented. "Love is suicide," he said.

She was not sure if he was joking, but she knew that he was dreadfully uncomfortable. His face was all screwed up and he was shivering slightly. The thought entered his mind that they were gremlins and all plotting against him to rob him of himself. He was nauseated, afraid he would throw up. He took her hands and looked at her face and her hair and her eyes and said, "Oh God, who are you?" He couldn't trust her; she might be a witch. He look-

ed at her face; he couldn't see her; she looked like a foreign power.

"Oh, be true," he said. "Be careful. If you won't, who will know me?"

"Oh, don't, don't," she said. "You are all my memories. Who will I be without my past? I am so old."

"You are so young," she cried.

"So young to be so old," he said. He was cold and shivering violently. He had to go to the bathroom so badly, it was killing him.

Lionel said, "He looks cold. Somebody get a blanket."

"Oh, leave me alone," he cried. "I am dead, let me go," and he opened the door to the bathroom and ended up in the hall. "Let him go," said Lionel, "it will do him good."

"Where's the bloody bathroom?" he said out loud, and then he said, "Don't ask me, I just asked you." As he got into the elevator, he fell down and thought, "That's strange, what am I doing lying down?"

The elevator door opened and a lady was standing outside and looking at him. "I fell," he said, "down." He stood up and ran out of the elevator.

"Napoleon was crazy," he confided to himself, "to think he was Napoleon." He ran through the streets, calling the stars by name, looking for a bathroom. All the shops were locked and he could not find a bar. He would have gone into some dark alley but he had a horrible dread that some monstrous thing was following behind him and he dared not turn around or stop running. His back was behind him, he could not protect it; there were shivers running through his back in anticipation.

At last, he found a bar which he reached just before the thing behind him. In the bathroom,

smelling of urine and disinfectant, he felt himself coursing down the drain, into the sewers and underground rivers.

When he went outside again, the thing had given up and left. He was alone; the bartender behind the window was dead and propped against the bar. He walked through the winding catacombs of night and streets, looking for his way back. It began to snow, terribly softly and sweetly.

She had not wanted him to go and she had left the party and was down in the streets looking for him, calling his name. He heard someone calling his name, like a whisper in his ear, and he smiled. Slowly, they drifted toward each other and coming around a corner, she was there and he said, "Hi," and she said, "Hi. Where were you?"

"In the night," he said. "looking for you."

"I was looking for you too. They're all worried about you at the party."

He said, "I don't want to go back to the party. I can never go back to the party — My brother is dead — God murdered him. 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the lord, and then he prowls the nights killing babies." A ragged sob was wrench-

ed from him and he shouted at her, at the nameless snow. "Oh God, leave me alone," and he ran, flowing with tears, drunkenly into a parked car and spun around and ran into a wall.

She ran after him and reached him as he stumbled over some garbage cans, crying bitterly and she was crying too and it touched him and he hugged her and said, "Your tears look like pussywillows," and her face was wet with tears and smiles and he said, "If you kiss me, I'll turn into a frog prince." Their faces were slippery with tears and he kissed her and wished to die in her arms and protect her from the foul fiend.

A huge green dragon, gleaming with scales of green kryptonite and blasting fire from nostrils wide as furnaces, was laying waste to the city. Superman had been injured when he fell weakened by the deadly rays of the kryptonite. Batman was dead and was lying covered by his cape as he had fallen when the dragon broke his back with a murderous swing of his gleaming green tail.

He laughed for joy when he saw the dragon coming at them. She stood against the wall and he did battle bravely for her into the furthest echoes of night...

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Honourable Mention, Poetry

To the unholyest of the unholyest by J.A. Weiss

Climb to the flaxen clouds
and roll the suns of heaven down the blue

cry to the earless ether to descend

cross all the confines of our spheric
jail with your colossal stride

You might restore as yet peace to ourselves
and allies to our damned cause of love
and death.

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Garner's Best not good enough

'Hugh Garner's Best Stories', by Hugh Garner. Published by the Ryerson Press, 254 pp. \$4.95

This second volume of Hugh Garner short stories is the kind of book that seems to be equally popular with those who give, and those who get, Christmas gifts. The front cover of the book's dust jacket is decorated, rather in reverse of the usual practice, by a broodingly black-and-white portrait of the artist as a much more intriguingly intense, if not younger —, looking man than he ordinarily is. The back cover is taken up by an inventory of his best work. The book is chastely bound in pale buff and black.

The inside is even more attractive. Twenty-four typographically-perfect short stories, exquisitely-imprinted in large type for 254 pages of the best matte-finish white stock. Twelve of the titles take up two pristine pages in the 'Table of Contents'.

Each one of them is the sort of succinctly symbolic heading which doesn't really have anything essential to do with the story, but which, taken out of context, acquires an emphasis that makes the reader ascribe to it far more importance than it ought to have. It would be an extremely unkind, if justified, comment to say that they are cute.

Even to an avowed enemy of cuteness, however, Hugh Garner's Best Stories appears at first glance to be the best book for browsing in, drowsing over, or skimming through in that overstuffed interval between the end of Christmas dinner and the evening excursion to the icebox for cranberry-sauce-

and-cold-turkey sandwiches. Or even the ideal book to leave on the bedside table between Christmas and New Year, for late-night or early-morning readers-in-bed.

Judging by its shape, its dust-cover, and the number of pages, it should appeal to both those who are dismayed by heft, and those who are attracted by pseudo-intellectualism. As a added boon to those concerned about their country's output of authors, Hugh Garner is a Canadian.

Since the recipients of Christmas gifts are usually considerably tactful in their thank-you's, in this instance it is safe to say that it is better to give than to receive. There is probably less chance of being disappointed by Mr. Garner's flavourless filling for the fine covers between which the Ryerson Press has sandwiched the 'best' of his stories. I place 'best' within quotes not because I feel that Hugh Garner can do any better — I have hardly any idea of his capabilities outside this work — but because I am not sure that these selections can justify such a superlative.

The best thing about this book is the typography. Were Hugh Garner a young author, it would be enough to say that he shows promise — and stories like 'Hunky' are undeniably promising.

But to Mr. Garner "known from coast to coast in Canada as a master short story writer," this collection represents fifteen years of writing. To date, his work includes seven published books, and prominent appearances in as many as eight anthologies.

Hugh Garner is supposed to be a realist. Actually he is most

successful when he is least realistic. At his most sordid, he is often simply sweaty, and he occasionally indulges in a sort of synthetic Hemingway which has all of the defects and none of the advantages of its model.

'The Father' is an excellent example of imitative idiocy: "It wasn't the boy who gave him the invitation, but the boy's mother. Somehow even a little thing like this had become a shameful chore that the boy had avoided... it was probably a big event for the boy, and it only happened once a year... After he had bathed and shaved he put on his best suit. Though he had only contempt for scoutmasters he was anxious to create a good impression for the sake of the boy."

The father ends up by getting drunk, and disgracing the boy at the Father-and-Son Banquet in front of all the other parents. The boy refuses to attend any further scout meetings. The father succumbs to feelings of inadequacy. That's the end of the story. As far as plot goes, it's a little flat, and the style doesn't do anything by way of salvage. 'Red Racer' and 'A Visit with Robert' can be placed under the same heading.

Even in a story like 'Yellow Sweater', a deliberate attempt to disgust which is entirely dependent on the shock value of its brutally inconclusive conclusion, indecently uncovered expository sentences like these: "He glanced at his face in the

rear-view mirror. It was a typical businessman's face, plump and well-barbered, the shiny skin stretched taut across the cheeks. It was a face that was familiar to him not only from his possession of it, but because it was also the face of most of his friends. What was the speaker at that service club luncheon had called it? 'The physiognomy of success,' produce an effect that is less frightening than phony.

His moments of perception, like this vivid scene from 'Make Mine Vanilla': "Miller and Woodson were still catching the football, but had been joined by a couple of girls. Their throws had lost their carelessness and taken on the hate and

trickery of rivalry," or the tender and pathetic little story in the tradition of O. Henry, called 'A Trip for Mrs. Taylor', can't quite compensate for these and similar deficiencies.

A short story should be a single jewel, cut and faceted to catch and reflect the light of experience shed on it by the reader. It should give back a miniature reflection of everything outside it, and it should be translucent, so the world which shines through it is changed and refracted. Perfect and flawless, the short story is shown to its best advantage in the simplest setting. The most valuable short stories, like diamonds, often have a very sharp cutting edge.

(Continued on page 24)

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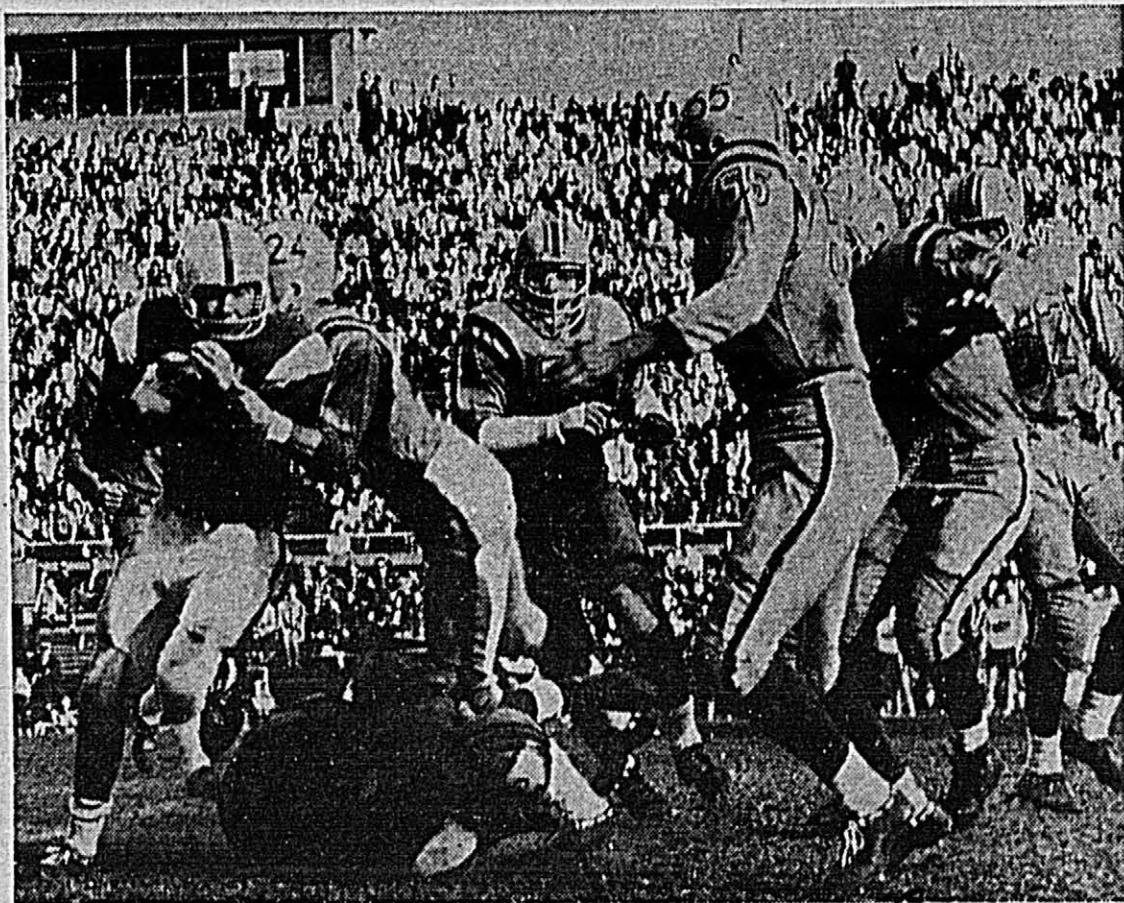
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Picture highlights



George Constantis, star halfback with the champion soccer team, goes high into the air to head the ball out of danger before the onslaught of a hard-charging Varsity player.



The camera catches League MVP Willie Lambert showing the style that swept him to the OQAA scoring title. Here he charges into the midst of seven Golden Gaels to gain several hard-won yards.

The action of a rugger line-out is vividly caught in this picture as groping hands stretch high into the air during a match between the Redmen and the Toronto Blues.



RAILBIRDING

with ENN RAUDSEPP

As once observed by a now forgotten sage of ages long past, "Christmas comes but once a year, and with it the holiday season." For those of us who have been overburdened with exams and term-papers it will be a welcome break; for those of us who have just lazed along, it will also prove a welcome break; all of which goes to prove that the average college student likes holidays.

More seriously though I hope that everyone's marks will overflow in the same abundance as their glasses. So there you have it... the end of another term... may happy times prevail... and best wishes from the entire Sports Staff.

THE TERM IN REVIEW

Glancing back over the achievements of Red and White colour-bearers this past term, several highlights spring to mind.

First there is the day on October 12th when coach Stan Cutts' tennis team, led by captain Steve Chandler, swept through a six-team field to cop the OQAA championship. In the process, Chandler and Bruce Denny-Brown won the doubles title, and Chandler lost by a whisker to Toronto's Peter Burwash in the singles final.

A second championship was brought to our fair Alma Mater by the soccer team, coached by Bill Searles. Disqualified in their attempts last year, the Redmen played with a vengeance to win the OSIAA title this season. Only the loss of the Blackwood Trophy, in a two-game series with Toronto, marred an otherwise perfect season.

In football, things didn't turn out quite so well. The mainly rookie team, in the process of rebuilding, managed a commendable third place finish. While it wasn't a good year for the team, individuals kept the Redmen in the public limelight.

Willie Lambert high-stepped his way to the league scoring title and the League MVP or Omega Award. Then there also was the outstanding line play of big Dick Feldler, one of the four Redmen All-Stars, along with Lambert, MacKenzie and Costaregni.

THEY WON A SEEGAR

Later, in the season, Water Polo began and the Redmen team started with a mighty splash. So far the team has proved itself invincible. Just last weekend they overpowered the Toronto Blues to win the Herschorn Trophy, and two weeks ago they clinched the OSIAA title, — an unprecedented double sweep! Congratulations to coach Gerry Shiller, captain Larry Conachie, and the rest of the boys.

Then, interest in rugger reached a new high as Professor Covo's rugged "footballers" battled on equal terms with vastly more experienced teams. Essentially it was a rebuilding year for the Redmen fifteen, with better results forecast for next season.

Intramurally speaking, things also picked up, with more teams and participants than ever before. In the Touchfootball loop, the Shysters ended on top of the Scribe-pile, proving once again that the Scribe is truly the Priceless, invincible One (Heh! Heh!)

TRAGEDY

Along with these happy tidings, inevitably, there were the sad moments. On November 22, the Hockey Redmen travelled to Ithaca, New York to engage Cornell in an exhibition match; but arrived only to hear the sad news of President Kennedy's assassination. The game, along with most weekend athletic events, remained unplayed, in a silent tribute to the fallen President.

THE SECOND ACT

Both the hockey and basketball teams have started their schedules and both appear headed for successful seasons. Kelly Burnett's pucksters seem to have a more rounded squad than ever before in recent history. The addition of several top-notch players to a nucleus of seasoned regulars has thus far proved a happy combination. The Redmen exhibited high-flying well-executed hockey in a 4-4 tie with the highly rated Toronto Blues last week, and tonight they face the U de M Carabins with their once-trying unbeaten streak on the line.

The basketball squad also has one of its better conglomerations assembled this year. While they don't appear headed for the top rung of the OQAA ladder, they seem to have the City League well under control.

Then there are the many tournaments of the second term in squash, swimming, wrestling, fencing, and gymnastics; all to which Redmen representatives are looking forward. Each of the teams has been practising diligently, a factor that is sure to show up in the results.

TOILET BOWL TOO

All of these events, of course, some people feel, are merely the preliminaries to the annual Toilet Bowl Classic, to be played between the Daily and the SEC on the Thursday afternoon of Winter Carnival. Loyal Daily staffers have already showed their stuff in the Bowl Game Prep, held December 2, where, led by the All-Scribe Scribe, they eked out a 6-0 win.

Hockey Tonight

Redmen vs The University of Montreal
Winter Stadium — 8 pm

Lose 86-51

Junior Varsity Drubbed

by MICHAEL WIENER

The Basketball Indians dropped an exhibition start to the Plattsburg State Teachers' College Juniors 86-51 on December 3.

In the opening moments of the game however, the Indians put on a very fine display of ball control as they executed their plays with precision and authority. The Indians unfortunately were unable to cope with the 'fast-break' of the visitors and consequently by the ten-minute mark they were trailing 30-19.

Their fine play of the first few minutes gave way to a sloppy inept performance. The Indians for the most part appeared slow and lackadaisical. Their passing became even slower as the Teachers were able to pick off passes at will and break up plays before they even materialised. The half ended 38-28.

In the second half all semblance of teamwork vanished. Not a single play, either the double post and scissors, or the double cut off center was attempted. The ball was merely brought up court and shot without any intention of passing or setting someone up in position.

There were however some brights for the Indians. Shelly Zimmer, one of the most talented junior ball players to come along since the Walker-Horeck era, played a strong game both offensively and defensively, scoring 23 points in the process. Peter Small, the only effective rebounder on the squad, fouled out early in the

second half and from that point onward the visitors controlled the boards. Gerry Young and Mike Burnett also showed to good advantage at time.

The most impressive man on the floor, however, was Peter Keelin of Plattsburg. He led the visitors not only on the score sheet but he coordinated their attack as well, waiting for his men to break clear and then feeding them soft passes to score easily. When the Indians were able to stop the Teachers' plays, Keelin simply sank his deadly outside shot. The Indians lack this type of take-charge player.

Redmen drop hoop tilts to Plattsburg, Toronto

by JIM SMITH

The Redmen hoopsters ran into some trouble during the past week, as they dropped both of their games, the first an exhibition game to Plattsburg State Teachers College by a score of 89-65 and the second, their OQAA opener, to Toronto by a score of 99-64.

In the Plattsburg tilt, the Redmen opened up strong in the first half and led for a short time, but the stronger Plattsburg team pulled even and went ahead 44-42 at the half.

The second half was an entirely different story, as the Plattsburg club took control of the boards and bottled up the Redmen offence. The Redmen were never able to find the range and Plattsburg moved away to a convincing 89-65 victory.

Steve Chandler of the Redmen had a fine night as he led the

scoring with 22 points.

Blues hot

Against Toronto the story was much the same. The Blues completely dominated play and convincingly defeated the Redmen by the score of 99-64.

Toronto's Dave West led the scoring with 34 points and Ed Bordas of the Blues followed with 22. Dave Gillman led the Redmen with

14 points before fouling out in the second half.

While the Redmen are in a strong position in the CIBL, the loss to Toronto heralds hard times in the OQAA. The Redmen's overall record stands at 3 wins and 2 losses. While the loss to Plattsburg is inconsequential, the even more severe defeat inflicted by the Blues indicates a need for quite a bit of work on the part of the Redmen.

"The Challenge of the Bishop of Woolwich"

The controversial book "HONEST TO GOD" will be the topic of a

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Two records set in swim meet

by EARL HALTRECHT

Last Friday night saw the Redmen Aquanauts swim to their second straight victory of the current season, a 58-28 victory over the lowly Sir George Williams swimmers.

The swim tilt saw two unofficial Provincial records set, both in team relay events. The combined efforts of Bill Peers, Bob Tamilia, Jim Kung, and Bob Mullins stopped the clock at 1:50 in the 200 yard medley relay to set the first record; Glen Ruiter, Brian Lewis, Peers, and Pete Cameron set the new unofficial record in the 200-yard free-style relay at 1:36.2.

P. C. Landry, M.A., M.Sc.

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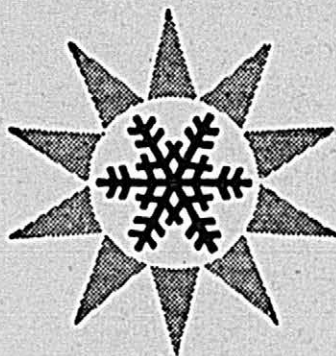


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Blues tie Redmen 4-4; U of M here tonight

by DAVE McFARLANE

The Redmen began their 1963-64 OQAA season on the right foot Friday night when they battled the highly-touted Toronto Varsity Blues to a 4-4 sawoff at Winter Stadium. Tonight at 8 pm, the Redmen again take to their home ice to host the University of Montreal Carabins.

In other OQAA action, the defending champion McMaster Marlin's downed Laval 7-4 while on Saturday afternoon Laval bounced back to drub Waterloo 9-1. Toronto rebounded from the McGill game to blank Queen's 6-0 in Kingston.

On Friday night, the defense came up with a solid performance. Burnett dressed five rearguards in G. B. Maughan, Chris Bryant, John Lord, Bill MacKellar, and Doug Carr. It was Maughan who led the Redmen out in the second period and who slowed the speedy Toronto forwards down with many crushing bodychecks. This lifted the Redshirts to outplay the Blues in the second and third periods and eventually gain the tie.

Walters stars

Ken Walters took over from Rich Kramer in nets and proved to be the difference in the two teams as he time and again came up with the key save. Walters playing his first league game in three years, after sitting out a 2-year suspension imposed by the Montreal Canadiens, looks to be one of the keys to the team's success and is definitely the best goaler McGill has seen in a long time.

Coach Kelly Burnett was jubilant in the Redmen dressing room after the game and was especially impressed with the balance on his team this year. His only complaint

was concerning the two third period penalties to John Lord and Dave Flam. He said, "These penalties hurt us just when we were picking up momentum." Toronto scored both third period goals while the Redmen were short-handed.



JOHNNY TAYLOR

The best thing about the McGill showing was the fine spirit displayed by all team members. As one Redmen put it, "The fellows were climbing up the walls be-

tween periods waiting to get back on the ice."

Johnny Taylor provided the inspiration for his teammates with his persistent fore and backchecking and puck carrying ability. Taylor, who skated miles as he broke up numerous Varsity attacks, looks like the man who will lead the Redmen this season, both on and off the ice.

First period

The first period of the game was wide-open with Toronto holding the better part of the play. The Redmen, with many newcomers in the line-up seeing their first Senior League action, appeared jittery. When Don Fuller and Steve Monteith fired two quick goals late in the period, it looked as if the rout had begun.

However, the Redshirts stormed out of their dressing room in the second stanza determined to put on a better showing. Immediately Maughan flattened several Varsity forwards while Walters took a goal away from Ward Passi on a breakaway. When Osborne was accidentally highsticked by Tom Bell and had to be helped from the ice, Toronto's spirit seemed to sag. From this point, the Redmen looked stronger as the game progressed.

Rookie Rick Gordon put McGill on the score sheet by banging in the rebound of Chris Bryant's point shot, making the count 2-1. Johnny Taylor had set the play up nicely.

McGill jumped into a 3-2 lead within the first five minutes of the final frame on goals by Tom Bell and Taylor. However, with Flam sitting out a slashing penalty at 5:41, Toronto's powerplay clicked with Steve Monteith tallying his second of three goals.

Skip Kerner shot the Redmen into a 4-3 advantage at 8:28 on a fine unassisted effort. It appeared as if this goal would stand until John Lord picked up a senseless interference penalty at 9:50. Varsity knotted the count at 4-4 with Steve Monteith's third goal.

RINK NOTES: G. B. Maughan was elected team captain recently. Assistant captains are Johnny Taylor and Leon Abbott... McGill's penalty killers, Bert Halliwell and Taylor did a fine job in Friday's game. Monteith only tallied his two powerplay goals after these fellows had gone off for a breather... The OQAA race appears to be between McMaster, Toronto, Laval and the Redmen while Queen's, Waterloo, and U of M will be the also-rans... Don't forget tonight's game at 8 pm.

Toronto 4, McGill 4

First period

1—Toronto, Fuller (Olah, H. Monteith) 17:20
2—Toronto, S. Monteith (Osborne, Passi) 18:30
Penalties: McNeil 12:20.

Second period

3—McGill, Gordon (Bryant, Halliwell) 15:19
Penalties: H. Monteith 6:39, Hamilton, Flam 17:22.

Third period

4—McGill, Bell (Kerr) 2:47
5—McGill, Taylor (Halliwell, Carr) 5:02
6—Toronto, S. Monteith (McNeil) 7:02
7—McGill, Kerner (unassisted) 8:28
8—Toronto, S. Monteith (Awrey) 11:22
Penalties: Flam 5:41, Lord 9:50.

Saves:

Walters	9	10	5	—	24
Soden	4	5	6	—	15

OQAA Standings

	P	W	L	T	F	A	Pts
Toronto	2	1	0	1	10	4	3
McMaster	1	1	0	0	7	4	2
Laval	2	1	1	0	13	8	2
McGill	1	0	0	1	4	4	1
U of Montreal	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Waterloo	0	0	1	0	1	9	0
Queen's	1	0	1	0	0	6	0

Defeat Toronto 20-10

Redmen win polo crown

by JERRY GORN

The McGill Poloists capped a brilliant season last Saturday dumping the U of T 10-8. In winning the two-game total-point series by 20-10, the Redmen captured the Herschorn Trophy and the OQAA championship, a feat which they have been unable to do since 1959.

It took only ten seconds for the powerful poloists to get on the scoreboard. From the draw, Ruiter passed to Klerks who tallied on a long, hard, shot. The Red and White then led until midway through the fourth quarter when Toronto finally tied the score.

Had the game ended in an 8-8 tie the Redmen would have still won the championship on the basis of their 10-2 victory in the first match. But McGill decided not to give the U of T the satisfaction of a tie and consequently popped in two more goals before the final whistle had blown.

Klerks, extremely well covered throughout the game, managed to net only four goals. Glenn Ruiter proved to be the big gun scoring five goals on a variety of shots. Marcel Lachance was immovable in the middle, tallying once and playing a strong offensive and defensive game up the middle.

The record speaks

The excellent record the poloists have compiled this year, speaks for itself. It has simply been a fantastic season, as McGill rolled to 11 victories 2 defeats and one tie. They handed Toronto an unex-

pected setback, went undefeated in the O.S.L.A.A., and placed second in the Montreal City League, behind the fine Concordia squad.

What is responsible for the team's fine display this year? Firstly, the addition of Kees Klerks has been invaluable to the team. In amassing a fantastic amount of goals this super-star has been magnificent and a powerhouse in his own right. When Klerks was well-covered, Ruiter, Mills and Lachance provided the scoring punch, while Glezos and Belenkie played superbly on defence.

There is no doubt that the fine goaltending of Larry Conochie helped the team immeasurably. Conochie had one of his best games against Toronto last Saturday stopping all types of shots and from all angles. He also has provided much of the amusement this year. Who ever heard of calling time out to stamp water out of your ears? Conochie did it.

Probably the biggest reason for McGill's fine showing has been new coach Jerry Shiller. Adding a new enthusiasm into the team, Shiller gained the respect of all the boys.

Fun and games

Perhaps the funniest incident of the year was the ejection of two Redmen for roughing on an opponent. The rival player antagonized the Redmen by tugging on their bathing suits.

Summing up the Red and White's great exhibition this season Coach Shiller could only say: "It has been quite a year."

Get your noisemakers for
next Football season at the
NEW YEAR'S EVE DANCE.

Red and White auditions draw successful turnout

Red and White Revue auditions held last week drew some 110 singers, dancers, and actors to try out for the 37 parts in the 1963-64 Revue "The Man in the Green Flannel Suit."

Cast members will not be announced until the beginning of second term. The show's director, Walter Burgess, who flew in from Toronto for the auditions, praised the quality of the talent that turned out for the auditions.

Speaking of some of the difficulties involved in choosing the cast, Burgess said, "We have to keep in mind the kind of parts we're trying to cast, and try and choose someone who will fit into these particular parts, rather than talented people who perhaps just aren't suitable for any of the parts in the show."

Garner's . . .

(Continued from page 20)

In this scale of values, 'Hugh Garner's Best Stories' place as pebbles. They rather recall the smoothened stones brought home last summer from the beach — dull-edged and colourless, they seemed to sparkle only when wet. Perhaps reading Hugh Garner after an excellent Christmas dinner might have much the same effect as sprinkling water on the stones.

ANNE BEATTS

Two male and two female dancers are still needed for "The Man in the Green Flannel Suit." Anyone interested in auditioning may do so by leaving a message for Revue producer John Cornish with John in the Tuckshop.

Debate . . .

(Continued from page 3)

the Maritimes; the trouble makers would be put under trusteeship; and those left over could go to work picking glass out of Canada's grain.

Turner thanked Fish for staying so far from the point, adding that he had at first been discouraged by his opponent's zest, but had taken heart when he heard his arguments.

Debate premature

He suggested that perhaps all this debate was rather premature — after all, what makes us think that the US wants us. Could they possibly prefer biculturalism to the melting pot concept? Would they want Royal Commissions? dual language cheques? state-federal commissions with fifty members?

Canvassers needed in drive sponsored by campus chest

"Canvassers are urgently needed for this year's combined charities' drive, rechristened the McGill Campus Chest," announced Jim Wright, Publicity Director.

The drive, which hopes to realize

a substantial increase over last year's relatively small total of \$5,500, will give donations to the Montreal Association of the Blind, the Crippled Children, The Retarded Children, Muscular Dystrophy and Multiple Sclerosis Associations. These five city charities

will each receive 12% of the total collection.

The World University Service will receive 30% and the Canadian University Service Overseas, 10%.

Any students interested in helping in the campaign are asked to contact Evy Bing at RE. 8-8118.

Scribblings from the Scribe

by SHELDON PRICE

Oh most honourable readers! The King of Predicamenters and the Sandy Crystal Ball are proud to announce the Champions of the Intramural Basketball, Floor Hockey, Ice Hockey and Volleyball Leagues for 1963-64.

The Basketball Championship shall be copped by Dent II decrees the almighty prognosticator. There is no doubt in the crystal head of the King in this choice as he visualized his Boys trounce the Educators 39-28 and then wallop the Raiders to the tune of 30-17; their fate is sealed as Champs.

HOCKEY

Ice Hockey action shall envisage Law emerge as kings. Paced by the leading scorer in the League Dick Shadley and ace playmaker Jim O'Reilly Law has creamed their opposition in outscoring them 12-1. Their strongest test will be the Commerce contingent, but weak goaltending will entail their fold in the finals against the Champs.

In Volleyball, the ace predicamenters has received the word from his Sandy One that the Plumbers, Grads and People will triumph in their sections with the Plumbers winning everything. Med II and the Boys shall battle it out in the finals for the Floor Hockey crown sayeth the almighty One. The writing is on the wall. The omniscient Scribe shall be victorious once again.

CANCELLATION

In Floor Hockey, the tilt between MHOS and Med IV is cancelled tonight. Due to Christmas exams, all postponed games scheduled for that week have been re-scheduled to early January.

All hail the Scribe

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